

The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO. JOHN P. SANBORN, Editors. A. H. SANBORN, Mercury Building, 152 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1872, and is now in its one hundred and forty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable business and household departments. It is a valuable medium for advertising in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Local Matters.

THE MERCURY HANDY ATLAS OF THE WORLD is of more value this year than ever before. A copy goes free gratis to every old subscriber who pays in advance and to every new subscriber. To all others the price is \$1.00.

Templar Christmas Observance.

The Christmas observance by Washington Commandery, No. 4, Knights Templars, will be held at the Asylum in Masonic Temple at noon on Christmas Day under the charge of Eminent Commander Herbert W. Smith. An excellent programme of music has been arranged by Sir Knight Daniel O. Boone, Musical Director of the Commandery, and the usual toasts will be proposed. Past Grand Commander John P. Sanborn will respond for the Most Eminent Grand Master Lee S. Smith; Past Commander Robert S. Burlingame for the Right Eminent Grand Commander Samuel D. Sherwood of Springfield, Mass.; Past Commander Clark Burdick for The Ladies; Sir Knight Herbert Warren Lull for Our Sister Commanderies; Past Commander Robert Frame for Our Absent Fraters. It is possible that Sir Knight R. Livingston Beekman, Governor of Rhode Island, may be able to attend and respond to the toast, The State of Rhode Island.

Several Automobile Accidents.

Mrs. Louis Lack, wife of the proprietor of the Red Key Store, was struck and seriously injured by an automobile operated by William Hass on Broadway Sunday evening, and was conveyed to the Newport Hospital for treatment. She sustained several fractures of the right leg, broken ribs and numerous cuts and bruises, besides a general shaking up and a bad shock to her system. Mrs. Lack was crossing Broadway at the foot of Mann avenue, and in passing behind a trolley car came directly into the path of the automobile which could not be stopped or turned in time to avoid striking her. Apparently she was dragged a little by the automobile. As soon as the accident occurred, Mrs. Lack was placed in the auto that struck her and hurried to the hospital. As soon as he had taken her there, Mr. Hass proceeded to the Police Station and told of the accident. He had stopped his car behind the car ahead and just as he started up Mrs. Lack appeared directly in his path. Monday evening, as the six o'clock rush was on, Alfred White, an aged man living on Caleb Earl street, stepped off the sidewalk on Broadway in front of a jitney operated by Archille Vassas. He was knocked down and considerably injured so that he was taken to the hospital for treatment after he had been examined by Dr. Young. Vassas reported the accident at the Police Station. Several minor auto accidents, in which boys have been struck by passing cars, have been reported to the police.

Mr. Guy Norman is on his way home from Honolulu and is expected to arrive the last of next week. Just after the State election Mr. Norman went to San Francisco for a little rest. Arriving there he concluded that he needed an ocean voyage, so he wound up his western trip by a water trip to the far off Sandwich Islands and return. When he gets home he will have made a trip of many thousand miles in very quick time.

There was a large gathering at the second session of the Men's Forum at the T. M. C. A. on Thursday evening. Some thirty men enjoying the subject were coming in later for the talk on "Why the High Cost of Living is Increasing and the Remedy."

LINEMAN ELECTROCUTED.

Harold Rust Met Death on High Pole.

Harold Rust of Providence, a lineman employed by the illuminating department of the City State Street Railway Company, was instantly killed while working on a pole on Thames street at the foot of Pelham Monday morning, his tragic end being seen by a large multitude that had gathered in the street below before the body could be removed from the pole. Death was due to contact with a high voltage current, his back and one hand being badly burned. As a result of the accident the current was shut off all over the city until the body could be removed and repairs made to the wires where they were cut.

A gang of linemen was employed on the wires on West Pelham street, Rust being on the Thames street pole and the others further down the wharf. Persons on the street noticed that Rust was in trouble, his body being tense and smoke coming from his hand. A telephone message was sent to the illuminating station and Superintendent Gosling immediately pulled the switch controlling the current for the Thames street section. In the meantime the other men of the crew had been notified and they hurried up the wharf to the aid of their fellow-worker. Even before the current could be turned off they were hurrying up the pole and as quickly as a sling could be improvised the body of Rust was lowered to the ground and carried into a barber shop where the pulmotor was used and several physicians worked for some time in an effort to restore life, but without avail.

Immediately upon being informed of the accident, Superintendent Gosling hurried to the scene and took charge of the situation. As soon as the physicians pronounced life extinct, he got into communication with the family of the deceased and made arrangements to have the remains shipped to West-erly for interment. Rust had been employed by the Bay State Company for only a few months, but was very generally liked. He was twenty-six years old and was the son of Mr. H. B. Rust, the head of the H. B. Rust Company, electrical contractors, of Providence. The young man is survived by a widow who resides in West-erly.

Newport will have a community Christmas tree this year the same as last, a large tree having been given by Mr. Robert S. Hayes of the Newport Coal Company to be erected on the park on Washington square in front of the Sheffield residence. On Christmas eve, carols will be sung by children under the direction of Mr. Henry Stuart Hendy, supervisor of music in the public schools. The words of the carols will be shown upon a screen by stereopticon.

The annual dinner of the Men's League of Emmanuel Church was held on Tuesday evening, an excellent turkey dinner being served to about 150 men of the church. President James Hooper presided, and the speakers included Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. D., Mayor-elect Clark Burdick, Mr. Dudley E. Campbell, Mr. Arthur B. Commerford, Mr. Frank S. Hale, Mr. Arthur Power, and Colonel William Paine Sheffield.

Mr. H. H. Barker, proprietor of the Marlborough Market has been fined \$15 and costs on each of two charges of having game birds in the ice box of his market. The game warden is now on the trail of the men who supplied the birds, which came over from the towns in the eastern part of the county.

The December meeting of the University Men's Association was scheduled for Friday evening, when a social session was on the programme under the charge of a special committee.

At a meeting of the Rogers High School Athletic Association on Wednesday afternoon, steps were taken to form organized cheering sections by both the boys and girls.

Morton F. Plant's racing schooner Elena has been purchased by former Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt and will be seen frequently in Newport harbor next summer.

Mrs. Charles Hunt Porter of Taunton, who recently submitted to an operation at the Newport Hospital, is reported as considerably improved.

The Glee Club of the Rogers High School has been organized for the winter and will be directed by Mr. Hendy as usual.

Hon. Patrick J. Murphy has been in Washington this week, and will visit his old home in Ohio before returning to Newport.

Mr. Robert S. Gash of this city has been re-elected first vice president of the Rhode Island Tax Officials Association.

Mr. Fred M. Hammett has been in New York this week.

Held on Charge of Incendiarism.

Following a succession of suspicious fires in a building on Tilden avenue, Mrs. Johanna O'Brien, the former owner of the house, was arraigned in the District Court on Thursday and pleaded not guilty to a charge of incendiarism. She was held in \$2000 bail for hearing on December 22. Her mental condition is being studied, with the possibility that the criminal charge may never come to trial.

The Tilden avenue house was responsible for two box alarms and one still within three days, and the last time gave promise of being a bad fire. After the last fire Mrs. O'Brien was taken into custody by the police.

Mrs. O'Brien's husband accumulated some property and built two houses on Tilden avenue, in one of which the family lived, Mr. O'Brien having left home some time ago. The interest on the mortgage on the second house was allowed to lapse, and this was sold by the bank a short time ago to Jacob Mirman, and the tenants moved out last week. Monday evening a fire was discovered in the cellar of the vacant house, but was quickly extinguished after box 23 was sounded. The next night the department was again called to the house on a still alarm and found another fire of suspicious origin. Wednesday afternoon box 23 was again sounded and this time a brisk blaze was in progress, having worked well up between partitions. On this visit, it is said that the firemen found oil soaked garments thrust into the walls, and the police acted promptly in causing the arrest of Mrs. O'Brien.

Dental Thieves in Newport.

It is believed that some of the men who have been making a success of robbing dental offices throughout New England this fall have been operating in Newport, or at any rate some very clever operators have been here, and it is hardly believed that local "talent" is responsible.

Saturday evening, Dr. G. A. Lynch, who operates a dental office in the Booth building at the foot of Mary street, next to the Mercury Office, locked his office and went out to supper. Returning in a short time, he found that somebody had been through his establishment in his absence and had removed practically everything of value. Entrance was effected by the simple expedient of breaking the glass in the door and then turning the knob. The intruders were evidently familiar with the value of dental instruments and accessories for they took everything of value. Some cash and checks were taken as well. No clew to the intruders was found by the police.

Another robbery, or rather attempt at robbery, was reported to the police Sunday morning. Somebody had entered the wholesale candy shop on upper Thames street during the night and had removed to the yard stock valued at about \$100. They had evidently been frightened away before they could make off with the goods.

The Man on the Box.

"The Man on the Box" was presented before the Unity Club on Tuesday evening in a very pleasing manner under the direction of Mrs. Victor Baxter. This wholesome and entertaining play is a dramatization of the book of the same name and had a big run on the metropolitan stage as well as in the "movies." Although a difficult play to produce, requiring several changes of costume throughout and necessitating many properties, it was well handled and went off smoothly.

The principal characters were portrayed by Mrs. Victor Baxter as "Betty Annesley," and Mr. A. Leroy Greason as "Robert Warburton." Others in the cast included Mrs. Alvah H. Sanborn, Miss Dorothy Rooney, Miss Minnie S. Hoyle, and Messrs. A. O. D. Taylor, John G. Hass, Charles E. Morrison, Joseph G. Parmenter, Hugh B. Baker, Victor Baxter, William H. Holt, Henry C. Wilkinson and Fred P. Lee.

At the business meeting of the club, preceding the play, the names of some forty new members elected by the executive committee were read.

Mrs. J. Alton Barker has been appointed vice regent of William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, to succeed Mrs. E. Wallace Peckham, who has removed to Springfield, Mass. Mrs. Ethel DeBlais has been appointed secretary to succeed Mrs. William O. Milne. The Chapter has voted to limit the membership to one hundred.

Mrs. Laura E. Richards, a daughter of the late Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, read a number of pleasing selections at the old quarters of the Newport Art Association on Tuesday afternoon, the affair being for the benefit of the fund for the Men in the Trenches. Rev. Roderick Terry, D. D., presided.

One week from next Monday will be Christmas. Only a few days left for shopping.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

Salaries of Several Teachers Raised

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee was held on Monday evening when considerable business was transacted. The salaries of some of the teachers were raised, to take effect January 1st, if approved by the representative council. Architect Thomas S. L. Weaver was given a hearing on his bill for services but the board thought that they could not approve the bill as it was not properly authorized.

The monthly report of Superintendent Lull contained the following items:

Total enrollment 3912, average number belonging 3792, average number attending 3615.6, per cent. of attendance 95.3, cases of tardiness 399, cases of dismissal before the end of a session 83, number who have left school 33. Reasons for leaving: Moved away 19, to work 7, for illness 3, to other schools 4. The kindergartens and grade 1 have increased 35 during the month.

At the last meeting the report was "no cases of diphtheria and only two cases of scarlet fever since the beginning of school in September," but cases came fast after that date, due to the outbreak of diphtheria in the southern part of the city. The Board of Health has reported to this office 45 cases of diphtheria and no scarlet fever. Of these cases 17 were in the public schools, 29 pupils who were in the same family or house were excluded.

The city treasurer has credited to this department \$2600 from the Cotes fund and \$560.81 from the King and Medal funds, a total of \$3160.81.

A letter from the state treasurer states that he is ready to pay the balance due from the state (\$5275.25) as soon as he receives the vouchers from the auditor. The check for the fourth quarter of the Rogers fund has never failed to reach us on date, and often is sent before it is due.

The Office.

Thirty years ago the annual report for January showed an enrollment for the year 2,017 pupils and a corps of 59 teachers and assistants. The June report for 1916 recorded 4,141 pupils and 140 teachers, assistants and clerks. The financial report for the year 1916 showed expenditures amounting to \$43,382.80 and that of 1915, \$168,579.21.

The increase in pupils and teaching force, in rooms, buildings and janitors and in expenditures do not tell the whole story, for today all business is carried on with far more detail than 30 years ago. The card catalogue system adds greatly to the success of business administration but it also demands much extra time. In 1886 there were no free text books, no elaborate supply system, no teachers' retirement fund, no Townsend Industrial, no State certificates for teachers, no municipal accounting. In fact, in these 30 years school administration has become so differentiated that a host of details makes such a constant demand on the office that the regular work is constantly in arrears.

Thirty years ago the conditions required a superintendent and a clerk. Today with practically double the amount of work a superintendent and one clerk are trying to grapple with it.

The report of Truant Officer Topham contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 102; number of cases of truancy (public 6, parochial 0), 6; number out for illness and other causes, 96; number of different children truant, 6; number found not attending school, 3; number sent to public schools, 3; number sent to parochial schools, 0; number of certificates issued (14 15) years, 1.

On recommendation of the committee on teachers, Miss Lulu Z. Roderick was given leave of absence without pay from January 1st to the end of the year, in order to complete her course in Pratt Institute, and Miss Geneva Carry was elected substitute during her absence. The committee reported a proposed increase in salaries for the teachers up to Grade VIII, to take effect next September, which provoked considerable discussion. It was finally voted to make the minimum \$600, which is \$50 more than recommended by the committee, and to make the increase take effect in January provided that the representative council grants the necessary extra appropriation.

It was voted that the request of the janitors to be paid weekly be granted. Mr. Thomas L. S. Weaver came before the board and explained his bill for drawing plans for the proposed new High School. He said that he had been engaged by the late Dr. Darrah to make sketches, which he had laid before a sub-committee, and although his plans were never accepted he believed that some features of them had been incorporated into the accepted plans. A general discussion followed, but as no member of the committee had been authorized to engage the services of Mr. Weaver the board decided that the bill could not be paid.

The board voted to make the salary of the truant officer for next year \$1200, the same as at present, and Theophilus Topham was re-elected to that position, with Micah W. Wetherell as assistant without salary. Hugh N. Gifford and Henry Probert were elected to take the school census at the usual rate.

At the suggestion of Colonel Cozzens, it was voted to spread upon the records a minute expressing the regret of the board at the retirement of Dr. Christopher F. Barker after a service of 27 years.

RECENT DEATHS.

Mrs. Joseph R. Busk.

Mrs. Joseph R. Busk, one of the older summer residents of Newport, died quite suddenly Monday morning at "Pine Lodge," on Catherine street where she had planned to spend the winter after closing her residence on Ocean avenue. She had been in apparently her usual health during the preceding day, but was seized with an attack of heart trouble during the night and passed away very quickly.

Mrs. Busk was the widow of Joseph R. Busk, who died more than twenty years ago. He was a well known New Yorker and a prominent yachtman, owning some well known racing yachts of the early nineties. In 1892 they built an attractive summer residence in Newport known as "Indian Spring," which had been occupied by the family every summer. Mrs. Busk continued to come to Newport with her daughter, Miss Margaret H. Busk, after her husband's death and last year spent the winter here as she had planned to do this year.

Mrs. Busk was a woman who was held in the highest esteem by all who knew her. She came to Newport because she loved the place, but was not a devotee of society. She was of a very charitable and kindly disposition whose chief thought was for the happiness of others. She was a regular attendant at Trinity Church.

Besides her daughter, Miss Margaret H. Busk, who made her home with her mother, she is survived by three sons—Messrs. Frederick T. and William H. Busk of New York, and Mr. Joseph Laird Busk who is at present in London.

Amos Comstock.

Mr. Amos Comstock, one of the older employees of the New England Navigation Company, died very suddenly on the street near his home Tuesday. He had been a sufferer from heart trouble for some months but had been able to continue at his work regularly. Tuesday afternoon, he was returning home at the usual hour, and was apparently as well as usual when he collapsed near the corner of Clinton avenue and Broadway. He was carried into his home by men who were passing and a physician was hurriedly summoned but life was extinct.

Mr. Comstock had been for many years foreman carpenter at the repair shops and was highly esteemed by officers and men. He was a brother of Mr. James H. Comstock, who has also been in the Company's employ for many years. He is survived by a widow, a daughter, Miss Ethel Comstock, and two sons, Messrs. William and Edgar Comstock, who are located at Watertown, N. Y.

The sudden death of Lineman Rust this week revealed the fact that had been forgotten by many that Newport has no coroner. After William Shepley resigned, Samuel M. Stevens was appointed but was taken ill about that time and never qualified.

Mr. Henry W. Clarke, for many years a teacher in the public schools of Newport, passed his eighty-seventh birthday on Monday, and was the guest of honor at a reception and supper that evening at the residence of Miss Sarah L. Curran on Perry street.

Mr. William H. Mathews of this city has been re-elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons of Rhode Island (colored). David A. Crockett of this city has been elected Junior Grand Warden and Edward O. Jackson Grand Secretary.

Quite a large party of Newporters went to Boston on Wednesday to hear Rev. Billy Sunday. The return was made late at night by special trolley from Fall River.

Some of the windows in the new John Clarke school have been broken by stones, presumably from the hands of mischievous small boys of the neighborhood.

Mrs. John H. Kazanjian has returned from a trip to New York.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Lawton-Warren Women's Relief Corps

President—Evelyn Honegger. Senior Vice President—Grace Watson. Junior Vice President—Gust Spoorer. Treasurer—Margaret Hamilton. Chaplain—Martha Honegger. Conductors—Edna S. Dunbar, Edward May Edlin. Delegates—Martha Honegger, Lydia Cook, Mary Kane, Edna Watson, Marie Simat, Alice Kane, Catherine Dawley, Joie Vickers, May Vickers, Rosie Weaver, May Edlin.

Newport Horticultural Society.

President—John B. Trumbull. Vice Presidents—John B. Bond, Frederick Carter. Financial Secretary—William Gray. Recording Secretary—J. P. Watson. Treasurer—Arthur E. Nathan. Sergeant-at-Arms—William F. Smith. Executive Committee—Meet with the officers—Edward W. Minkley, Mackay Nuttall, James Watt, William Mackay, Arthur W. Potter, Jr., Alexander MacLellan, James Robertson, Andrew J. Howard.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

TOWN COUNCIL MEETING.

The monthly meeting of the town council was held at the town hall Monday afternoon, with all the members present. There was no probate business. The council proceeded to the appointment of such officers as were referred to this meeting. Charles E. Boyd was appointed coroner for three years. The following highway surveyors were appointed: District No. 1, George Anthony, Jr.; No. 2, Howard Thurston; No. 3, Luther P. Chase; No. 4, Isaac L. Fish. The highway surveyors were also appointed field drivers. Frederick W. Holman, Richard B. Macomber and Edward G. Ruggles were appointed special constables under the liquor law, and Walter C. Brinkman police constable.

The town sergeant was instructed to direct the owner of William Canning's saloon to remove the saloon sign.

The addition to the junk ordinance, forbidding dealers from purchasing or trading with minors was adopted and ordered advertised.

It was voted that a rebate of \$12.00 be made to the Newport Water Works, to rectify an over-assessment of taxes caused by a clerical error.

Petitions were granted from Eva Thorpe and David B. Anthony, for victuallers' licenses, for \$5; from John Kavar, for peddler's license fee \$5; from Pliny Pokrass, for a license to collect junk, fee \$5; and from David B. Anthony, for a pool table license, fee \$10.

A statement of damages done by dogs to hens belonging to Mrs. Charles Weaver of Middletown, amounting to \$49.10 was received and ordered paid by law.

Borlen C. Anthony declining to serve as forest warden, Frank Paquin was appointed to take his place.

A number of bills were received and ordered paid.

PORTSMOUTH GRANGE ELECTION.

The annual meeting and election of officers of Portsmouth Grange was held at Fair Hall when the following officers were chosen for the coming year: Master—Jesse I. Durfee. Overseer—Herbert B. Ashley. Lecturer—George Chase. Steward—Clinton Copeland. Assistant Steward—Henry C. Anthony, Jr. Chaplain—Mrs. Herbert B. Ashley. Treasurer—William B. Anthony. Secretary—Norma Coggeshall. Gate Keeper—Herbert E. Chase. Census—Mrs. Jesse I. Durfee. Pomona—Mrs. George Chase. Flora—Helen Sinclair. Lady Assistant Steward—Ruth Wilkey. Executive Committee for 3 years—Arthur A. Sherman.

DEATH OF MRS. WILLIAM A. CHASE.

Mrs. Sarah Catherine Chase, widow of William Alfred Chase, died Monday night at her home on Anthony Road, after an illness extending over a number of years. She was born in Portsmouth in 1835 and in 1867 was married to Mr. William Alfred Chase, and to them were born six children: Clara and Evelyn, who are at home and have been caring for their mother, Mrs. Fanny T. Anthony, Mrs. Abbie Hall and Walter Chase, all of whom are living, and William, who died a number of years ago. She is also survived by six grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

The funeral of Bernard Brownell, the nine-year-old son of Jonathan T. Brownell, was held from the home of his grandfather, Capt. John M. Brownell, on Water street. Rev. Edward Kelsey of the Friends' Church conducted the services. Mrs. Richard R. Macomber and Mrs. William T. H. Sowle sang. The bearers were four schoolmates, Roy Cross, Anthony Allston Clarke, Durrell Cornell and Berkeley Hall. The interment was in the Portsmouth Cemetery beside his mother who died about three years ago. There were many floral tributes, among them being one from his schoolmates. There was a large attendance.

A large party went from Portsmouth to Boston this week to hear the evangelist, Billy Sunday.

About \$70 was realized from the supper and sale given by the Ladies Aid Society of the Christian Church last week.

David Brawley has accepted a position and gone to Mobile, Alabama. He is in the employ of Adams Express Company by whom he was engaged while in Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gray, Miss Mollie Gray, and Mr. Charles W. Anthony spent Saturday at their cottage in Providence which they have sold to Mr. William A. Smith of Providence.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Spooner entertained a party of friends in honor of Mr. Spooner's birthday. Games were played, and there was music. Refreshments were served.

Mrs. Hortense P. Pierce and Mr. Emily Pierce are visiting the former sister, Mrs. Frank Robinson of Somerville, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. William Stevens of Newport, Mrs. Clifton T. Holman and Miss Carolyn D. Anthony of this town, went to New Bedford Sunday evening to attend the concert given by Le Circolo Gounod at the Olympia Theatre. Mrs. Gounod of New York, teacher Mrs. Holman and Miss Anthony, were one of the soloists.

Rev. John F. Lowdon, who has been seriously ill for the past month, is able to attend church on Sunday morning and conduct the service. In evening Charles H. Bonden conducted the service.

Mrs. Benjamin C. Sherman entertained the Colonel William Peckham Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, at her home on Saturday. Mrs. George W. Thurston, regent, aided at the business meeting. Evelyn B. Chase read a paper on "Yuletide in America." Refreshments were served.

TIPPECANOE

Being a True Chronicle of Certain Passages Between DAVID LARRENCE & ANTOINETTE O'BANNON of the Battle of Tippecanoe in the Indiana Wilderness, and of What Befell Thereafter in Old Corydon and Now First Set Forth

BY SAMUEL McCOY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DALTON VALENTINE

CHAPTER X.

The Cougar Crouches.

To an Indian mother, lying in a squallid tepee in the forest, once given three sons at a birth. One of the three died in infancy; two lived to become the most famous leaders of the terrible inhabitants of the forest wilderness ever known. As one of the two grew to manhood and forced his way to the head of his tribe by his daring, his cunning, his matchless eloquence and power, the red man, with his love of imagery in names, chose the cougar, the panther, the great cat of the forest, as the fitting type of the chief whose lightest word was law.

The cougar! It was from this demigod beast that the Shawnee chief received his name—Tecumseh, "the cougar about to spring."

A Yankee surveyor predicted one day an eclipse of the sun. Tecumseh's brother, on account of his frequent drunken babbings, had been dubbed "The Open Door," but a glimpse of shrewdness lighted up his rum-soaked brain at the words of the white man; he returned to his tribe, and saying to all who would listen that he had been given a message from the Great Manitou himself, prophesied that on a certain day the sky would be darkened—a sign that he, "The Open Door," was dying and was henceforth to lead his people. They laughed; but the darkness came as he had foretold, and from that day he was looked up to by every warrior in the forest as the greatest of conjurers. He was no longer called "The Open Door," but Elkskatawa, "The Loud



His Voice in Council Was the Voice of Authority.

Voices," and his voice in council was the voice of authority. But years had now passed; and he played in secret for another sign to bolster up his wavering strength.

The white men came farther and farther into the wilderness, reared their cabins in greater and greater numbers in the red man's forest, bartered and bought larger and larger territories from the stupid savage, who reached out eagerly for a handful of toys, a jug of the white man's fiery drink, and gave in return the countless acres of his hunting ground. But now for years his dumb resentment grew more and more bitter. To Tecumseh and his brother, Elkskatawa, the Prophet, the red men looked impatiently for a leadership which should restrain the encroaching settler, or which might even regain for them their lost lands.

The young warriors could not wait for council; here and there they struck down a settler, took a woman captive, dashed out the brains of a child, and hurried back into the forest. To Harrison in Vincennes came Tecumseh for council and promised redress; then slipped away to the South, down the great river, to the tribes along the Gulf, to implore them to stand with their brothers of the North against the white man's advance. The Prophet meanwhile remained at his village, 120 miles north of Vincennes, and spent the time in incantations and ominous mutterings; and the little town of Vincennes lay in anxious uncertainty on the banks of the Wabash river, down which came the news of the Prophet's restless plotting.

The little village presented a scene of the most unusual activity. Here and there in vacant fields the various companies of the territorial militia were drilling—four companies of mounted men and eight of infantry—a force of some six hundred men, which Harrison had caused to be assembled hastily.

Women and children stood watching the evolutions of the volunteers. The French inhabitants chattered away in tremendous excitement. As far as military drill and equipment were concerned, the men were ridiculously awkward and untrained. They could not keep step to save their souls, and only one of the twelve companies made any pretense at a uniform; this one was the company commanded by Spier

low hunting shirts trimmed with red feathers; they were promptly dubbed "The Yellow Jackets," and were marked men. But the rest wore whatever clothes they were possessed of in their daily life—taw jeans or linsey-woolsey, or the hunter's dress of tanned deer-skin; and each man carried the title of his choice, firearms of every make and of any length of barrel.

One morning was culminated by a shooting match. Someone got a white-winged quail, the size of a dollar, was pinned. One after another of the awkward militiamen stepped to the line and fired, scolding without pausing to aim. Not a man failed to send his bullet into the white. Then the target was moved to 50 yards distance, then a hundred; and the deadly accuracy continued, as the better marksmen took their turns. And then they tossed pieces of wood into the air. These, too, came down pierced by the miraculous bullets.

The afternoon passed in the same state of suppressed excitement. The men lolled around the shady side of the tavern and chewed their tobacco silently. The long hot hours dragged by. At sunset they heard the bugle at Fort Knox, the stockade inclosed three miles up the river, sound faintly the end of the day.

Night came on and a group of men gradually gathered on the benches and the grass in front of the Jefferson house, as the tavern of Vincennes Beckes, bearing on its signboard a staring portrait of the statesman, was grandly called. They talked in low tones, and David, on the edge of the crowd, could not distinguish their words. He knew, however, that most of the leaders of the town were there: Wash Johnson, the old postmaster, with his deep voice booming out at intervals; Henry Hurst and Henry Van der Burgh, the judges; Benjamin Parke, more recently appointed to the bench; old John Smith, who had been sheriff twenty years before and scalped with his own hand marauding Indians whom his posse had pursued and captured; Peter Jones, who had seen the error of his ways as a tavern keeper, and had reformed and become the territorial auditor and the custodian of the infant public library; the hot-headed Virginian, Thomas Randolph, scarred with the knife wounds received in his row with "Sawney" McIntosh, the defamer of Harrison; the two sawbones, "Doc" Elias McNamee and "Doc" Jake Kuykendall; and a dozen more. Francois Yigo, the old Spanish merchant, who had seen George Rogers Clark storm Vincennes 32 years before, sat at David's side, a fine old fellow of seventy-five.

The only light visible was that in the shop of the printer, Elhu Stont, industriously aiding his apprentice at the types or wiping his ink fingers to exact a proof pulled on the broad hand-press. The moths and insects flittered around his candle; and the sweat poured off his forehead; but the Western Sun was due for publication on the morrow and he meant to see it through.

David listened with closer attention when he overheard Governor Harrison address a square-jawed young man in the uniform of a captain in the United States army, telling him that he had just written to Euclid, the secretary of war, at Washington, and had commended to the department the work of the young captain in transforming the little fort near Vincennes from a place wretchedly neglected into an adequate stronghold. Yigo whispered to David that the boy was Capt. Zachary Taylor from Kentucky, who had been placed in command at Fort Knox but a few weeks previously.

"I trust," went on Harrison, "that Mr. Euclid will be thoughtful enough to bring my letter to the attention of your uncle, President Madison. I would like him to know that we are well pleased with your work."

Taylor flashed through his tan with pleasure. He would have liked to say that he hoped that Harrison might some day occupy the presidential chair, but he was as taciturn as most of the men of the frontier; far less would he have permitted himself to dream that the great office might be his own.

William Henry Harrison, Vincennes was 118 years old; the man thirty-eight. There had never been anything commonplace in the existence of place or man. Each had already had a history whose tolling must move the heart more than with a trumpet.

The face of the man was the face of the soldier—strong, resolute, proud, indomitable. But it was likewise the face of the man of the people, the man in whom they trusted for his calm patience and his warm friendliness. With what unflinching devotion had they come to rely on him! And how the men and women of the wilderness, seeing that tall and martial figure pass, paused to mark that long, grave face, the eyes deep-set under bushy brows on either side the lengthy, humorous nose, and smiled in love and deep regard in answer to the slow smile of the wide and kindly mouth. What had he not done for them!

He was a warm admirer of the demagogue Jefferson and he was an ardent admirer of the demagogue Madison, the son of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, at which he had chosen to leave his

states and to plunge into the ruinous wilderness. At twenty-eight he was governor of the Indiana territory. At thirty, master of an empire of 160,000 square miles, ruler over a province twice as large as England and Ireland, larger, indeed, than all of France.

Within the ten years following his appointment as governor, the negotiator, with absolute power, of treaties which added to the new nation fifty millions of acres, a domain large as England and Scotland combined. At thirty-one, holding in his hand for five months the destinies of a tract of 250,000 square miles, an imperial province greater than any other ever controlled in the history of the United States, before or since.

Opposed to him, the great protagonist of the fragile dream of the savage, Tecumseh. Ruler of five Indian tribes, master mind of the great Indian confederacy of another score of tribes. Chief of 5,000 warriors, ranging over 100,000 miles of territory.

Harrison had policed the same territory with exactly twenty backwoods-men. Twenty men to guard an empire. They thrived their ways through the wilderness from St. Louis to Detroit. They reported to him at Vincennes.

On this enormous stage the curtain is about to be lifted on the titanic duel of the West.

The group of men, loling in the shadows by the Jefferson house, began to speak of the latest dispatches from the East. News had just come that the younger Wellesley had driven Massena's French columns off the field of Fuentes de Onoro; adding to the laurels gained at Talavera and Busaco, Napoleon was beginning to wonder at this Englishman. The little corporal, himself was snarling at the Russian bear; the White Czar was disobeying his commands to starve the trade of England by closing the ports of the Continent. England, driven to desperation, was seizing American seamen on the pretext that they were Englishmen; and forcing them to serve against the French; and still the government at Washington kept up its endless attempts to stop these insults by words, words, words.

The little group of Westerners under the stars of the wilderness felt themselves hopelessly remote from the world of leadership; their affairs seemed petty and narrow. David Lawrence alone, gazing silently over the broad prairies, misty under the newly risen moon, and remembering the crowded cities of his native England, suddenly saw how great a prize the ample lands would be to her and saw as in a vision of what mighty states were these backwoodsmen who held the land for America.

The feeling of apprehension which had been growing all summer seemed to have reached an unchangeable pitch. It was inevitable that something should happen.

In the skies of early September, a comet gleamed, a miraculous portent. But nothing happened. The men and women continued their speculations as to Tecumseh's whereabouts and intentions. They hunted new theories, each hour, and every other hour, they turned old theories over and over till they were threadbare and people got tired of hearing them. The children ran up and down the lanes in the twilight, playing at Indians, until their mothers called them indoors with a shudder at the thought of the nearness of the lurking savages who might turn these shrieks of pretended fear into shrieks of actual terror.

There seemed to be nothing to do but wait.

But at noon on the seventeenth of September, a serene and cloudless day, a backwoodsman, passing through the lanes of Vincennes, pausing carelessly to glance up at an eagle soaring into the face of the sun, uttered an ejaculation. A piece had been bitten out of the sun's edge, he thought. Little by little the dark shadow snared its way into the blazing disk, and the people stopped their tasks to gaze upward at the growing eclipse. The simpler French inhabitants chattered in an agitation which was as nothing, however, compared with the dismay of the squalid Piankeshaw Indians, who dragged on their hairless, wretched existence in the village of tepees on the edge of town. By three o'clock only a ring of light was visible, the center of the sun being obscured by a smoky disk which cast the earth into twilight darkness. The Indian villagers cast themselves upon the ground in abject fright, and sacrificed their dogs alive to appease the angry Manitou.

Half-blind Elkskatawa, Prophet, had received the answer to his prayer. And Tecumseh, the Crouching Cougar, was far to the south.

CHAPTER XI.

By Break of Day.

Still the depredations of marauding bands of Indians continued. Horses were stolen; more than once a settler at work in a field, far from help, was surprised and murdered; his body, found lying by his plow, always bearing a red scar upon the forehead. Indignation ran higher and higher.

David Lawrence, who had enlisted as soon as he reached Vincennes, drilled daily with the grim frontiersmen. He had told himself that Corydon should be wiped from his memory; but, in spite of all, his mind could not blot out the image of a girl whose blue eyes smiled above her smiling lips; could not forget the little chin which she balled with her grace, the little house on the edge of the woods; lonely, pathetically exposed to the unseen danger of the dark forest that overshadowed it.

The sun that had been veiled at midday of the seventeenth struggled all the next day through gathering clouds and sank at last behind the shoulders of grey giants. David was walking in the twilight toward the Jefferson house when the sun was dying

clouding along the dirt lane, the old one St. Louis, struck on his ear. He turned fully to see who rode so furiously, and as the horseman drew rein and pulled the smoking steed to its haunches a cry of mutual recognition broke from both men.

"Jek!"

But Blackford paused for no greeting.

"The Indians—Tolnettel!"

He flung himself from his horse and staggered with exhaustion. His face



"The Indians—Tolnettel!"

was as white as the father of foam on the heaving flanks of his mount.

"What?"

"They took her last night—at dark—O'Bannion had left the house scarcely an hour—God help him! It struck him like a palsy! Oh, David, we must save her!"

"I will go," said David quietly. His face had become suddenly aged with suffering. "Is it known what course they took?"

"To the north," gasped Jek. "There was not a ranger in the country to follow; they are all here in Vincennes with Spencer's company; but the Frenchman, Pierre Devan, followed them and overtook them at their camp that night. There were eight of them, and he could do nothing; but he crawled close enough to hear their talk. They are taking her to the Prophet's town at a creek called Tippecanoe. She is to be sold to the British at Malden. They will take the trace on the east bank of the Wabash."

Jek tottered in sheer exhaustion.

"You must rest," said David. "I shall start at daybreak."

But Blackford shook his head.

"I go with you, David," he said simply. The two young men gripped hands in silence.

They entered the tavern and David began to make his hasty preparations. Benjamin Parke, the judge of the general court, an especial friend of Governor Harrison, sat at his dinner in the tavern; he heard the story, that spread from lip to lip, and setting down his glass hastily, he strode over to the young men.

"Do you actually intend to follow these Indians?" he demanded.

"We shall set out at dawn," said David.

Judge Parke looked at him in amazement.

"Great God, Lawrence," he exclaimed, "this is sheer madness!"

"I must ask you to procure my temporary discharge from Captain Hargrove's company," Judge Parke answered David quietly. "Inasmuch as the militia has not yet been ordered into active service."

"I will do what I can with General Harrison," assured the judge hastily. "God be with you!"

The woodsmen who crowded about them at the news warned them against the quest. To all objections they returned the same disregard; their duty lay plain before them. Those who bade them goodby looked on them as men going to certain death.

It was an hour before sunrise, but the sky was paling with the light preceding dawn. They drew deep breaths and set off at a trot. They went on at a steady shuffle, their eyes alert for any signs, their ears strained for any sound. At noon they stopped long enough to eat a little of the smoked venison in their packs, then went on at the same pace. By night they had covered more than thirty miles; the Indians whom they pursued had probably made forty miles with no more difficulty than they had put behind them twenty.

The two knew that it was a losing game, if one factor was not taken into consideration—the probability that sooner or later Talmotte's captors would consider themselves beyond the possibility of pursuit, would make camp in the woods for two or three days while they hunted game; it was on this chance that the two young men hung doggedly to the chase.

They dared not travel by night. At dark they made camp in a ravine where their campfire would be unseen. One of the two kept guard constantly. At dawn they were up again, made their breakfast of cold "Johnny-cakes," lightened their belts and set off, silent, grim as hounds.

So passed two days of the forlorn chase. In the afternoon the clouds heaped up before a northerly wind, growing blacker and blacker, hour upon hour. At nightfall the gale broke. The rain wrapped them in gray garments of water, drenching them to the skin instantly, blinding them with its restless rush. They plunged wretchedly along through the blinding downpour, forcing their way through the hollows. Their deer-skin clothing had long ceased to be any more than a sort of more collective fluid. Everything except the powder in their horns was water. The world was water. And growing colder.

It rained all night long. The two half-drowned men, chilled to the bone, finally gave up all effort to find protection from the deluge and lay prone in the grass with the flood rustling all around them. Their heads alone, pil-

lowed on their arms, were above the slushing streams. Once or twice, so utter was their exhaustion, they slept. It rained in showers in the morning. There was no sun; no opportunity to dry their clothing. They ate a morsel of rain-soaked venison, plodded on and on through the dripping wilderness in dogged silence, too weary to speak. David turned once to look at Jek and was startled at the sight of Blackford's drawn blue lips and the suffering lines of his face. When he caught David's eyes on him, Jek forced a smile that shone through the pouring rain.

"Shouldn't be surprised if it rains before the day is over," he grinned. "I'm getting tired of this drizzle."

But the mortal weariness came back to his face as David turned forward again. All through the day he forced himself forward, summoning every reserve of strength to compel his limbs to persist in the relentless struggle onward. A sudden pain shot through his side, almost making him cry out. His head began to feel strangely light and his pulses throbbed in his ears. He wanted to cry out to David to stop. The rain ceased and the breeze which drove some early-yellowing leaves downward was chilly; but he burned with a heat that made him dizzy.

Finally he began to stagger from side to side as he walked; and then, with a pitiful, inarticulate moan, which David barely heard, he pitched forward and fainted.

When David reached his side his eyes were closed. Frankly he scooped up handfuls after handful of water from the nearest pool, dashed it in his face, then fell to rubbing his wrists and temples. And at last he moved feebly. He lifted himself on his elbow and looked about with unseeing eyes. He tried to rise further, and toppled over again, moaning.

David's heart sank at the situation. He found a sheltered spot in which to build a fire, and labored with flint and steel till he succeeded in coaxing a blaze to live in the dry chips and tinder he found in a hollow tree. He lifted Jek in his arms, exerting all his strength, and bore him to the spot. Blackford was now unconscious, breathing with stertorous grunts that seemed to leave him weaker and weaker. But there was nothing that David could do, and having eaten his bit of venison, he sat through the night with his eyes fixed on the face of the sick man, lying in the faint and wavering light of the little campfire, while the black shadows of the forest closed them in relentlessly.

At dawn he seemed to be sleeping more naturally. The Wabash must lie within a few miles to the west; there was the barest possibility that he might come on some adventurous trapper there, floating down the stream with his load of pelts, who would lend shelter. David took off his hunting shirt, hid it, together with his rifle and powder horn, within the hollow tree, lightened his belt, and his mecessaries, and set off unhindered. A hundred yards and he was lost to sight in the forest.

An hour passed. The sick man stirred in his feverish sleep, raised himself up, and stared wildly about him. He rose to his knees weakly.

"An hour passed," the sick man stirred in his feverish sleep, raised himself up, and stared wildly about him. He rose to his knees weakly.



A Naked, Copper-Colored Figure Glided Noiselessly Through the Undergrowth and Crawled Like a Serpent Toward the Madman.

caught sight of a leafy bough nodding in the breeze and waved his hand at it in answer.

"Hello, Jack," he called feebly. "How's New York? Glad to see you—come down on the coach?"

He staggered to his feet and tottered about the grass, shaking hands with imaginary friends. Another train of memory stirred in his delirious brain and he began pleading a cause—argued, blustered, entreated, stormed; and only the multitudinous jury of the trees heard and mocked him with their silence.

A naked, copper-colored figure glided noiselessly through the undergrowth and crawled like a serpent toward the pestiferous madman. From behind a fallen log its glittering, evil eyes watched the drunken staggerings of the sick man and glanced murderously along the barrel of a British musket. The gun came to a rest over Jek's head; the red finger on the trigger was about to tighten, when suddenly Jek drew himself to his full height and began singing in his clear tenor:

Cheer, cheer, you shall not grieve,
A soldier true you'll find me;
Ah, now, now, pause, pause, Madison
Would go with you.

The ambushed weapon sank again uncertainly; into the glittering eyes came a puzzled look; and then the hidden savage rose with a grunt of understanding and strode fearlessly with towered gun up to the slinger's side.

"How?" came the guttural salutation.

The eyes of the white man looked full at him without a ray of comprehension in their wild stare. A moment only Blackford paused, and then, turning his shoulder carelessly on the warrior, resumed his song.

This Indian nodded understandingly. "Ugh!" he grunted. "White man big Muffin! Muffin big medicine!"

He glided off again into the forest as noiselessly as he came; and for a while only the chattering of the squirrels and the notes of birds broke the stillness overhead. Jek had sunk to the ground. And then, one by one, there stole into the glade six naked savages, their cheeks hideously daubed with red and yellow ochre, their war-bonnets nodding over their heads. The one who had first discovered Jek pointed to the figure on the grass.

"Big medicine," he grunted; "no hurt."

They passed on to the north. In a single file. Behind them came the other two of the party, leading between them a girl whose face was stained with weeping, whose dress was torn and muddy with the mire, whose knees fluttered beneath her. But relentlessly the march kept on; and the sick man, raising his head weakly from the ground, looked in the face of Talmotte and knew her not.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What the Soldiers Eat.

The food of soldiers in the field varies according to their nationalities. The principal meal of the Russian soldier consists of stichen, something between a porridge and a soup, the chief ingredients of which are cabbage, potatoes, turnip and meat, preferably pork. These are boiled together, with salt and other seasonings, the result being a thick, nourishing and by no means unpalatable dish.

The Indian soldiers, who are splendid marchers, live largely on a farina cods diet—mushroom, spaghetti and so on. They are also very partial to fruit, which is soaked together with wine and eaten as a sort of their ration whenever possible.

No German soldier considers his daily menu complete without a sausage of some kind or other, and the "stronger" its flavor the better. A nutritious pea soup is also a staple of the army ration. The mainstay of the French soldier consists of his beloved "soup," as he calls it. It is really a thick, nourishing stew, made of meat, potatoes and various other vegetables.

The English "Tommy" is omnivorous, but the things he loves above all else are bacon and jam.—Youth's Companion.

Maine's Gum Industry.

Gathering spruce gum has long since become one of the steady minor industries of Maine, where every year about 16,000 tons of crude gum, valued at a third of a million dollars, are harvested. The crude article is formed as the result of injury to red and black spruce trees. Hedgehogs feed upon the inner bark of trees, and the injuries they cause, known as "hog cuts," are fruitful sources of gum. Lightning scars, frost cracks, old blazes and the abrasions caused by falling trees and even "sucker drills" are other occasions for gum formation. Around the edges of such wounds little nodules appear and gradually develop into lumps or tears. A wide scar heals slowly and may produce gum around the entire wounded area, while a narrow seam closes so quickly that only a single row of these "nuggets" is possible.—Argonaut.

Transformed Mine.

An old abandoned mine near Seal-feld, in the Thurgau forest, which in the time of Luther was worked for silver, copper, alum and vitriol, has been discovered by a Berlin geologist to have developed into one of the most beautiful caverns. In the course of centuries the water percolating through the minerals has built up throughout the mine a wonderful labyrinth of stalactites and stalagmites, thrown together with a profusion and brilliancy of color which is said to be without parallel. Deep greens, vivid blues, the palest white, yellows of all shades—in fact, the entire scale of color is reproduced over and over again, and yet the colors melt into each other so gently that nowhere is the impression of disagreeable contrast produced.

Why Is It?

Why is it that when there are two swinging doors, 75 per cent. of the people open the left hand door? Why don't they open the right hand one?

Why is it that 50 per cent. of the people walk on the wrong side or in the middle of the sidewalk? Why don't they walk on the right side?

Why is it that 50 per cent. of the people don't know how to turn a corner or enter a street? Why is it that they keep close to the building when they ought to be on the outside edge of the sidewalk? To enter as they should?

Why is it that people will stand like this . . . on the sidewalk and talk. Why is it they will not stand like this . . . thereby taking up one-half as much space. Why is it?—Boston Post.

Very Free Verso.

Vers libre is certainly taking hold. Much might be said in this connection of its form, its content and whether proficiency in it is innate or acquired. Let it suffice for the moment to record what happened when a music teacher asked her pupils to make up little verses and then make melodies to accompany them. One little boy said he never had made up verses.

"Just a little verse," said the teacher.

"Well," said the boy, dreamily: "Sometimes the sky at night looks like a spotted egg."

—New York Post.

One Caution.

"Prisoner at the bar, will you be tried by jury or by the court?"

"By jury, your honor, by jury."

"Humph! Why—er—haven't I seen you before somewhere?"

"Yes, your honor. I sold you the guarantee and I do want payment in full."

—Boston Times Herald.

GERMAN PEACE PROPOSAL MADE

Chancellor Asks Neutral Nations to Take Action

TERMS ARE NOT MADE PUBLIC

Kaiser, However, Known to Be Ready to Restore Belgium and Evacuate France, but Wants Lithuania and Poland to Be Independent States—Turkey's Security Insisted Upon—Balkan Situation Must Be Untangled in Conference—Teutons Prepared to Fight if Refused

Berlin, Dec. 13.—Germany sprung a surprise upon the world when, with Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg as a mouthpiece, she announced her willingness to make peace.

Before a crowded session of the reichstag, the chancellor stated that the imperial government had transmitted to Germany's enemies, by means of the United States and other neutral nations, a note declaring Germany to be ready to end the war if she could be met half way.

Thus far no intimation of the proposed terms of peace are known in this city, but the general terms are believed to be in substance as follows:

denied the whole of the Teutonic people and their allies will turn with renewed ardor upon their enemies with the determination to maintain their standing in the evolution of civilization.

Before making his speech in the reichstag, Bethmann-Hollweg had interviews with the representatives of the United States, Spain and Switzerland, the nations protecting German interests in hostile lands, and handed to them the note embodying the peace offer.

FROM THE WAR FRONTS

More Roumanian Territory Falls Into Hands of Teutons

London, Dec. 15.—In Roumania the Teutonic forces are making progress. All of Great Wallachia south of the railroad, between Bucharest and Tchernavoda, is now in the hands of the Teutonic forces.

Field Marshal von Mackensen's Danube army has effected a crossing of the Jaramila river in eastern Wallachia.

After a violent artillery bombardment, French troops attempted an advance in the Argonne. They were repulsed by the Germans.

French troops took the offensive in the Verdun region yesterday afternoon, advancing on both banks of the Meuse.

In the Artois valley there were artillery duels. Italian batteries dispersed enemy detachments on the northern slopes of Monte Seluggio and north of Monte Cimone.

BUT SEVEN OPPOSED

Senate Passes Immigration Bill Providing Literacy Test

Washington, Dec. 15.—The senate passed the immigration bill, providing the literacy test for aliens seeking admission to the United States, by a vote of 64 to 7.

The senators voting against the bill were Brandegee of Connecticut; Colt of Rhode Island; Dupont of Delaware; Hastings of Wisconsin; Martineau of New Jersey; Phelan of California and Reed of Missouri.

The president is determined to veto the bill, according to information from the White House. The bill is almost identical with bills vetoed by both former President Taft and President Wilson.

The chief feature is the so-called literacy test, which would deny admission to "all aliens over 16 years of age, physically capable, who cannot read some language or dialect."

"TRAINS HAVE CHANGED"

Pardoned "Life" Gets First Ride on One in Forty-Four Years

Hartford, Dec. 15.—Michael Cherest rode on a train for the first time in forty-four years when he left here to go to take a position in a shoe factory in Boston.

The significance of this is that Cherest committed murder at Windsor Locks when he was 18 years old. Today he is 62. The forty-four years intervening have been spent in state prison, where he was sentenced for life. He was pardoned a week ago and left there yesterday afternoon.

"Trains have changed since I was out in the world," he said, as a tear of joy trickled down his cheek.

BOYCOTT ON BUTTER

Will Be Undertaken by New York Housewives Next Week

New York, Dec. 15.—A boycott against butter will be started in this city next Wednesday, continuing for three weeks or longer, it was announced by Joseph Hartigan, commissioner of weights and measures and secretary of the mayor's committee on food supply.

Housewives will be asked to economize in the use of the product. It was stated, instead of being urged not to buy it at all.

Deutschland Home Again

Berlin, Dec. 11.—The German commercial submarine Deutschland, completing a trip home from the United States, arrived at noon Sunday off the mouth of the Weser.

Bull Sold For \$15,100

Chicago, Dec. 11.—At an auction here \$15,100 was paid for Woodford Sixth, a prize Hereford bull. N. J. Camden of Versailles, Ky., purchased the animal.

Drop in Flour Prices

Minneapolis, Dec. 14.—Flour prices went tumbling as a result of yesterday's sensational decline in wheat. Prices were off 20 to 60 cents a barrel.

Strike of Embryo Journalists

New York, Dec. 15.—Declaring they are overworked, the senior class of the Pulitzer school of journalism at Columbia university is on strike.

Chicago Gets Winter Weather

Chicago, Dec. 15.—The first real winter weather of the season descended on Chicago, the mercury standing at 4 degrees above zero.

GRILSE IS SAFE

Canadian Torpedo Boat Reported Lost Is Limping Into Port

Halifax, Dec. 15.—A telephone message from Shelburne, N. S., says that the missing Canadian torpedo boat Grilse is limping into the harbor at that place.

Announcement that the Grilse probably had been lost at sea, with her crew of fifty men, had been made by the Canadian minister of the naval service.

All the officers of the Grilse and all but six members of the crew are reported to be safe. The missing members of the ship's company perished in the storm.

NOTE SENT TO ENTENTE ALLIES

Germany's Peace Proposal Is Rushed to Various Capitals

AMERICA WILL NOT "BUT" IN

Administration Hopes to Secure Some Indication of Demands For Basis of Peace—Preliminary Step Taken In Interest of Humanity—Starting Point May Lead to Peace

Washington, Dec. 15.—America's first step toward carrying out the wishes of Germany and the central powers, as their diplomatic representatives in entente ally capitals, has been taken.

Within a few hours after receipt of the official text of the Teutonic peace proposals, which was almost identical with the text carried in press dispatches, Secretary Lansing, at the president's order, dispatched it to London, Paris, Petrograd, Tokio and to the provisional capitals of Roumania, Serbia and Belgium.

The United States represents Germany in Belgium, Russia, Great Britain, France, Japan, Serbia and Roumania. She represents Austria-Hungary in the same countries. She represents Turkey in Great Britain, France and Japan.

The German communication to her enemies was sent without any suggestion or comment by the president. This action completely fulfilled the request the central powers made of the United States.

The state department said officially that the allies would understand that this government is ready to transmit any answer to Germany without necessity of making any definite offer to do so.

It was stated on highest authority that the president's mind is still open. He is still undecided. He will reach no decision until he has confidential advice from American representatives at the entente capitals.

He received, with the German note, a confidential message from Charge Grow of the American embassy in Berlin.

It is assumed Lansing will confer with the president before today's cabinet meeting. Ambassador von Bernstorff will probably have an interview with Lansing within the next few days.

It was learned from a source of authority that President Wilson's greatest problem in the German note is to indicate, beyond question, America's desire not to "intermeddle," while at the same time to perform the humanitarian part of eliciting from both sides some official data as to the preliminary terms upon which each regards peace as possible.

The administration hopes the allies will not flatly reject the German note without indicating in some fashion their minimum of concessions and maximum of demands as the basis for peace. If those preliminary concessions and demands are established by the allies, the administration regards it as certain that Germany will respond with a like list.

Thus a starting point would be made from which some time in the future peace may come. There is no idea in official circles that peace is near and there is no idea of attempting to expedite a settlement. It is recognized that such action on the part of this government would probably be resented. It is also recognized, however, that some time the first draft of demands must be submitted and it is looked upon as in the interest of humanity in general that this preliminary step should be made as early as possible.

The administration has considered the effect of an uncompromising rejection on public sentiment in the United States, and particularly as to the effect of such a reply on American investors in allied securities. Washington believes a majority of Americans want peace in Europe, although they do not want the United States to "butt in" with mediation.

As the American government sees it, Germany has achieved a clever diplomatic coup. In first presenting her peace proposals at least it will be a coup if the allies fail to take an equal forward stride. Germany will retain a position of "tactical" advantage if England and her allies fail to meet the German move.

Gives Fortune For Uplift Cause

Toronto, Dec. 14.—The will of Miss Mary H. Orr of Bobcaygeon bequeaths her estate of \$201,593 to "purposes of uplift." The sum of \$10,000 goes to the mother Christian Science church of Boston.

Youth to Be Electrocutted

Albany, Dec. 12.—Governor Whitman declined to interfere with the execution of the death sentence imposed on Stanley J. Millstein, 18, convicted of the murder of Policeman John E. Creel at Ulster.

Garrett Acceptable to Holland

The Hague, Dec. 14.—The Netherlands government notified Henry van Dyke, the retiring American minister, that John W. Garrett is acceptable to Holland as his successor.

Earl Tilton, 21, accidentally shot and killed himself while hunting at Milton, N. H.

Mrs. Julia L. Watkins, 35, was run down and killed at Gloucester, Mass., by a motor truck.

Funeral services were held in his bedroom at his home in his bed-room caused the death of Charles Cummings, 45, at Belmont, Mass.

\$35,000 VERDICT IN CORRIGAN SUIT

Publishers and Novelist Found to Have Libelled Judge

New York, Dec. 15.—Magistrate Joseph Corrigan was awarded \$35,000 damages in his libel suit against the Robb-Merrill Publishing company of Indianapolis and George B. Howard, novelist.

Corrigan sued for \$200,000, charging that one of the characters in Howard's novel, "Gods Man," libelled him. He alleged that the author wrote the book in revenge for an adverse ruling he had once made when Howard was before him on an assault and battery charge.

Mrs. Margaret S. Howard, the novelist's divorced wife, is held on charges of perjury in connection with the case.

MUST REMAIN IN BED

Condition of British Premier Takes Turn For the Worse

London, Dec. 15.—The condition of Premier George has taken a slight turn for the worse.



Photo by American Press Association. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

He suffered considerably from a severe chill contracted early in the week, and his physicians have ordered him to remain in bed a few days more.

Friends of the premier express the hope that he will be able to appear in the house of commons next Tuesday as planned.

SAVED BY BREECHES BUOY

Crew of Stranded Submarine Are Safely Brought Ashore

Eureka, Cal., Dec. 15.—Twenty-six members of the crew of the United States submarine H-3, imprisoned since dawn yesterday in the "submersible," which went ashore on a shoal near the entrance to Humboldt bay, were rescued last night.

Five of the crew were brought ashore on a breeches buoy at 5 o'clock. Within an hour the remaining nineteen men of the crew and the two officers were rescued.

In a dense fog the H-3 struck a sand spit while cruising down the coast from Puget sound, on her way to the Mare Island navy yard in San Francisco bay. It is believed the accident was caused by the engines of the H-3 becoming disabled.

The men were able to keep alive by crowding beneath the conning tower for air, in this way escaping the chlorine gas fumes from the batteries.

The \$300,000 O'Donnell will case is to have a jury trial at Cambridge, Mass. Mrs. Emma T. O'Donnell was the 68-year-old bride who died while on her honeymoon trip with Dr. Louis P. O'Donnell of Melrose, Mass., her bridegroom, twenty years her junior.

DO YOUR HANDS ITCH AND BURN

Because of Eczemas, Rashes, Chappings, Etc.? If So

CUTICURA SOAP AND CUTICURA OINTMENT

Will afford instant relief and quickly heal even when all else has failed. On retiring bathe the hands freely with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry, and rub

Cuticura Ointment gently into the skin for a few minutes. Wipe off surplus Ointment with soft tissue paper or leave it on and wear old gloves or soft bandage during night.

Sample Each Free by Mail

With 32-p. Skin Book on request. Address: Cuticura, Dept. 11, Boston.

A SOLID BANKING CONNECTION

Is an important factor in every successful business. The Newport Trust Company which has advantages worth your consideration invites your account subject to check. Travelers' checks issued.

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY,
NEWPORT, R. I.

Sharing Your Telephone.

The telephone that has to do the work of two cannot render the most efficient service. It's more or less awkward and inconvenient to answer calls for others and to pass your telephone to the man across the desk. When there's a telephone on every man's desk better and quicker service results. Your desk telephone renders such an intimate, personal service that to share it means to destroy something of its usefulness.



Providence Telephone Co.
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Winter Vacations In New England

Invigorating snow and ice sports in the White Mountains and the other wonderful hill regions of New Hampshire and Maine; the thrilling mile-long scoot on bob-sled or toboggan, snow-shoeing, skiing; skating, hockey, curling; ice-boating on mountain lakes.

For booklet describing outdoor winter pastimes in New England, write to Advertising Department, New Haven.

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Chafing Dishes

With an ALCOHOL LAMP With ELECTRICITY
you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top. you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the food.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

The National Exchange Bank

At Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business on November 15, 1916.

RESOURCES		
Loans and Discounts		\$100,000.00
Overdrafts		115.00
U. S. Bonds		100,000.00
Due to banks other than U. S. (not including stocks) owned and pledged		170,000.00
Subscriptions to Stock of Federal Reserve Bank		4,000.00
Value of banking house (if interest thereon)		2,100.00
Other Real Estate Owned		2,700.00
Due from approved Reserve Agents in New York, Chicago and St. L. cities		20,000.00
Due from approved Reserve Agents in other Reserve Cities		110,000.00
Due from Banks and Banks (other than above)		8,000.00
Exchanges for Clearing on a Gold or Silver Basis with Other Banks		6,000.00
Fractional Currency		1,000.00
Notes of Other National Banks		8,200.00
Federal Reserve Bank of New York		7,000.00
Federal Reserve Bank of Boston		50,000.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer		110,000.00
Total		\$807,775.00
LIABILITIES		
Capital stock paid in		\$100,000.00
Surplus fund		55,000.00
Undivided Profits		21,500.00
Less current expenses, interest, and taxes paid		8,700.00
Reserve for Depreciation		2,000.00
Due to Banks and Banks (other than above)		170,000.00
Dividends not paid		28.00
Individual deposits subject to check		500,000.00
Certificates of deposit due in less than 90 days		2,000.00
Certificates of deposit due in more than 90 days		2,000.00
Deposits required by law to be set aside		8,000.00
Total		\$807,775.00

County of Newport, State of Rhode Island.

I, Geo. H. Brown, Cashier of the National Exchange Bank, do hereby certify that the above is a true and correct statement of the condition of the bank as of the date above stated.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of November, 1916.

Notary Public for the State of Rhode Island.

IDAHO IS A BIG STATE.

Larger Than All New England With Maryland Added.

To those of us who remember Idaho in our school geography as a small pink block, shaped like an easy chair facing east, it may be of interest that this state, which in 1890 added the forty-fifth star to the constellation of the flag, is nearly as large as Pennsylvania and Ohio combined and larger than the six New England states with Maryland included for good measure. It is divided into thirty-three counties, the smallest of which is half as large as the state of Rhode Island and the largest greater than the combined area of Massachusetts and Delaware.

Idaho covers an area of 83,888 square miles, divided principally between the Rocky mountain region and the Columbia plateau, only a small part in the southeast corner of the state lying in the great basin. In elevation above sea level the state ranges from 735 feet, at Lewiston, to 12,078 feet at the summit of Hyalman peak. It is drained mainly to the Columbia through the Snake River and its tributaries and has an annual rainfall of about seventeen inches, the range in a single year at different places being from six to thirty-eight inches.

The industries of the state are chiefly agriculture, stock raising and mining. Hay, wheat, oats and potatoes are the principal crops. A large area is cultivated by irrigation. The mineral production includes gold, silver, copper, lead and zinc.—Geological Survey Bulletin.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

He Admits He Can't Grasp His Wife's Ideas of Economy.

"I can understand," remarked the office philosopher to the visitor to his sanctum, "most of the feminine traits and characteristics that puzzle the ordinary man, but when a woman begins to practice economy she leaves me lashed to the mast and quivering with helpless astonishment."

"Of course, the whole sex is economical. You have to admit that, because every woman says she is economical, and no gentleman would undertake to dispute a lady's statement—at least, no gentleman of my acquaintance would undertake to dispute it in his own house. What to use a vulgarian gets my goat is the method they employ."

"Take my wife, for example. Whenever she tells me she is going to economize, I emit a single agonized shriek, and then leap for the tall timber. Her plan is to think up a whole lot of things she cannot possibly do without, and then do without them. By this device she saves at a single stroke the cost of the entire list. Having thus accumulated a surplus she naturally proceeds to spend it, and she is always prepared to prove she has saved much money in the process."

"There is no answer or no answer worth making, on occasions of this kind it is my custom to pass, for, without looking at my hand, I know I can neither trump nor follow suit."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Shark Stories.

A shark is very tenacious of life, and Dr. Gunther, the ichthyologist, pointed out in one of his contributions to the literature of his subject that "wounds affect fishes generally much less than higher vertebrates. A Greenland shark continues to feed while his head is pierced by a harpoon or by a knife as long as the nervous center is not touched."

A Norwegian antarctic explorer, H. J. Bull, gives a startling word picture of a shark's tenacity of life. This monster was caught at the Iceland codfishery. His liver, heart and internal arrangements were removed so as to put a period to his career, and the thus mutilated body was then cast into the sea. He simply gave a leisurely wag of his tail and swam rapidly out of sight.—Chambers' Journal.

His Own Shame.

Robert's mother's admonitions to her small son generally ended with the words, "I'd be ashamed of you if you did so and so," and the word ashamed therefore was constantly in his ears.

One day after he had eaten up his little sister's candy his mother said to him:

"Robert, did you eat Dorothy's candy when I told you not to?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Robert in a tone of triumph, "and I'm just as ashamed of myself as I can be, so you needn't be ashamed of me at all."—New York Post.

Both Died as They Wished To. Tenyson, who was a shy, reserved man, could never understand Robert Browning's love of society. He had been heard to remark that Browning would die in a white cloak at a dinner party. The two poets died as they would have wished to die—Robert Browning in the grand Palazzo Rospigliosi, with his son by his bedside, and Lord Tenyson in his beloved Surrey house, surrounded by his loved ones.

Arrogant.

"How are you getting along with her father?"

"Not at all. He's too arrogant for me."

What's the matter?

"He even wants to pick his own sons-in-law."—Detroit Free Press.

Inefficient.

Mechanic—I've gone over that car of Smith's pretty careful, but I can't find nothing the matter with it. Garage Owner—Ye can't, eh? What do ye suppose I hired ye for?—Newark Eagle.

Recovered Too Soon.

"I thought she knew you?"

"I expect she does. I was engaged to her at one time."

DANCING IN ROUMANIA.

Peasants Make Merry on Sunday to Oil Their Joints for Monday.

The Roumanian peasants have a saying that they must dance on Sunday to keep the creak out of their bones on Monday. Most of the dances are at the public houses—dance halls under the blue sky, as it were—and young and old gather there. The old folk spend the day with the triple, while the young ones dance. There is very little drinking on any other day of the week, and a tipsy man except on Sunday is seldom seen.

The dances are organized by the boys of the community. They arrange for the music, provide the refreshments and provide as masters of ceremony. When the girls reach a marriageable age and have been sufficiently instructed in the household arts they are allowed to attend these dances as participants. "She dances at the dance" is the peasant way of saying that a girl has made her debut and is eligible for matrimonial attentions.

The national dance of Roumania is a sort of cross between a jig and the game of ring-around-the-rose. All the dancers clasp hands and form a ring. They then begin a stepping, swaying motion that never moves them out of their original tracks, and to the music of the gypsy band they keep it up for hours. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

STORY OF A SONG.

"Ben Bolt" and Its Author, Dr. Thomas Dunn English.

Of all the American songs none is so hauntingly sweet as that beginning: Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt—

Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown, Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile—

And trembled with fear at your frown? Dr. Thomas Dunn English, its author, contributed his poem to the New York Mirror in 1848. It was a work of love, written without compensation, to oblige the editor, N. Y. Mills, who had recently undertaken to put the paper on its feet.

The poem had a pathetic lot that attracted no little attention, but its fame did not come until later years. In 1848 Nelson Kneass, an actor, adapted the poem to an old German melody, and the air captivated the American people. Then the song crossed the water, achieved an equally great success in England and literally ran round the world.

It remained for George Du Maurier to immortalize "Ben Bolt" in the play "Tilly," where the gentle victim of Svengali sings the air so sweetly to Tilly the Laird and Little Billee.—New York World.

The Doctor's Prescription.

Of historical interest is the emblem found on every prescription written by a physician. Consisting of the letter R with a tilde (the cross) over it, it has its origin in the ancient custom of allowing the stars to dominate every day incidents of life. The R thus marked is said to have been the emblem used by the ancients to designate the supremacy of Jupiter. Therefore it seems probable that some chemist of ancient days gave a prescription or a recipe to some patient and wrote upon it the emblem of the planet then in the ascendant, which happened to be Jupiter. This emblem has come down to the present time and is always used. In a more modern sense it stands for a recipe, or an order or instruction to take something. Literally construed, recipe means "take" or "take thou."

How to Learn to Write.

Putting words together is not writing; making fine sentences is not writing; elaborating striking plots is not writing. Of all the arts literature is the most exacting mistress. To write you must have lived, you must have suffered and known joy, you must be able to analyze people, to understand their motives, to love them.

Granted that you have learned something of the motives, the passions, the sorrows that rack us humans, then you must also have your medium in control. Words are like little creatures that march and fight and sing. They are like extra bands and brains. All the passions wait on them. Until you get this sense of the cohesiveness, the fragility, the power of words, you are not ready to transcribe your thoughts.—American Magazine.

Tolstoy's Intensity.

Everything in Tolstoy's character, says a Russian writer, attains Titanic proportions. "As a drinker he absorbed fantastic quantities of liquor. As a gambler he terrified his partners by the boldness of his play. As a soldier he advanced early to bastion four, the bastion of death at Sevastopol, and there he made dying men laugh at his witty sayings. He surpassed every one by his prodigious activity in sport as well as in literature."

Dogwood Dye.

Dogwood was the source of the famous "Indian red" with which the vain warriors dyed their eagle feathers and buckskin clothes. They procured the dye from the roots of the tree. This is probably the most brilliant dye to be procured from American trees.

No Wonder.

Mrs. Crabshaw—Don't cry, Willie. I'm not going to punish you this time for you hurried when I called you. Willie—Bee-hoo, mamma! I fell downstairs.—New York Times.

Death expecteth thee everywhere. Be wise, therefore, and expect death everywhere.—Quarles.

Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing.—Bishop Hall.

Children Cry

FOR CASTORIA

OUR FEARFUL FIRE LOSSES.

Most of Them Are Caused by Untidiness and Carelessness.

The fire loss in the United States is about \$250,000,000 a year. Careful observation from detailed statistics compiled on the subject shows that most of this loss would be prevented by the observance of reasonable precautions, particularly in the direction of more tidiness. Sixty-five per cent of all fires take place in homes, and cases show that 60 per cent of all fires are due to carelessness, ignorance or both.

The 65 per cent occurring in homes, it is readily shown, would never occur if persons had taken reasonable care in respect to tidiness. Rubbish is the chief cause, and rubbish does not necessarily mean the accumulation of paper and things of that character in and around buildings, but the unnecessary accumulation of old furniture, magazines, carpets, supplies of all kinds in cellars and attics which accumulate dust and lie there for years.

What applies to the home in respect to rubbish is true to a marked degree in many business premises. Just a little thought and the expenditure of a little time along these lines generally would greatly reduce the fire loss. The absence of fire extinguishers in the average home or business premises is a serious omission. Careless handling of matches, careless use of oil, the accumulation of oily rags and waste material and a host of small matters like these are the causes of a great many fires and a great deal of loss.—Lumber Trade Journal.

AERONAUTICS IN WARFARE.

Why Napoleon Did Not Favor the Use of Observation Balloons.

It is on record that the first employment of aeroplanes to observe the positions of an enemy were made during the French revolution. It was a Dr. Coutelle who produced hydrogen gas from the decomposition of water. He had been interested in the employment of sulphuric acid in this preparation, as there was a lack of sulphur for the making of gunpowder.

Dr. Coutelle was ordered to put himself at the disposal of General Jourdan, who commanded the army of the Sambre and Meuse. On proceeding himself to Duquesnoy, a commissioner of the convention, that dignitary rose in wrath, exclaiming: "A balloon, a balloon in the camp! You look to me like a suspect. I am going to begin by having you shot!"

Coutelle returned to Paris, and his balloons were afterward put to use at Bonn, at Coblenz and at Andernach. At the last named place General Bernadotte, the ancestor of the present reigning house of Sweden, was invited to go up in a balloon. "No," responded that careful man, "I prefer the road of the asses."

There was a school of aerostation at Menden, which Bonaparte closed after his return from Egypt. As nothing could prevent observations from being made, the balloons, he claimed, might become an embarrassment to all the armies, without any special advantage to the French army.—Cris de Paris.

Hobson's Choice.

"Hobson's choice" may best be translated, "that or nothing." Tobias Hobson was a carrier and innkeeper at Cambridge, who erected the handsome conduit there and settled "seven lays" of pasture ground toward his maintenance. But the story about him, as told by the Spectator, is as follows: "He kept a stable of forty good cattle, always ready and fit for traveling. But when a man came for a horse he was led into the stable, where there was great choice, but was obliged to take the horse that stood nearest to the stable door, so that every customer was alike well served, according to his chance, and every horse ridden with the same justice." Milton wrote two quibbling epigrams upon this eccentric character.

Muddled Thinking.

It would be foolish to say that a dynamo and an electric light are the same thing, that green apples is a term synonymous with indigestion, that an architect's plans are the same thing as a completed building or that sex attraction is but another name for the social institution called the family. In the same way it is an evidence of muddled thinking to maintain that being good is the same thing as being religious.—Richard L. Bell in Atlantic.

Why Ammonia Cleans Clothes.

Ammonia, the great spot remover of the American people, is really a gas dissolved in water. It belongs to the alkali family, and on account of its mineral origin is the foe of all oils and grease, which explains the easy way it disposes of spots that soap and water cannot affect.

Unitarianism's belief of God's eternal purpose and its disbelief in hell, the devil and the gospel of fear, were the subjects of addresses by Unitarian ministers in every part of Massachusetts.

One thousand and thirty divorces were decreed in Maine during the past year, making an average of one divorce to every six marriages. There were 16,781 births in Maine during the past year.

Clarence U. Foster, a former postal clerk at Fairhaven, Mass., pleaded guilty to the charge of embezzling funds of the station, amounting to \$3274 and was sentenced to one year and a day in jail.

All records for the filing of marriage intentions at Boston city hall were broken in the first eleven months of the year 1916, 13,728 people having signified their desire to become 9364 married couples.

The skeleton found on Bennington hill in Cammington, Mass., is undoubtedly that of Joseph Ruzsack, according to Clerk Crosten of the Bennington court. It is be-

PINE TREES OF FINLAND.

They and the Birch are the Wealth of the Country.

The pine trees of Finland are the gold mines of the country and really its chief trade. Pines and silver birches flourish on all sides. Everything or anything can apparently be made of birch bark in Finland. Shoes, baskets, large or small, salt bottles, flower vases, even an entire suit of clothing is hanging up in Helsingfors museum, manufactured from the bark of the silver birch.

The lakes of Finland, of which there are five or six thousand, cover about a sixth of the country, but these lakes, rivers and waterways all take their share in the wood trade. In the autumn the trees are felled and left for the first fall of snow, when they are dragged two or three, one behind the other.

By this means the trees are conveyed to the nearest waterway, where they are stumped with the owner's registered mark and rolled upon the ice of lake or river to await the natural transport of spring. On the voyage those soldiers of the forest travel hundreds of miles to the coast, finally arriving at such an enormous wood export station as Kotka they meet their doom.

On the completion of the floating season the stock of logs at Kotka often amounts to 1,000,000. On arrival at their destination they are separated and distributed according to the wishes of their respective owners. Large floating houses await their arrival. The steam sawmills are waiting for the trees. As they go in half a dozen saws run into them at once, and out come boards and planks of various thicknesses and widths.

FORESTS IN EAST AFRICA.

Impenetrable Tangles Where Everything Is Dripping Wet.

The dense growth of a tropical forest in East Africa is thus described in "The Rediscovered Country" by Stewart Edward White:

"Imagine first the planting of single great spreading trees at spaced intervals, trees in shape like elms, maples or beeches, but three or four times their size. Fill in the spaces between them with a very thick growth of smaller trees—100 feet high and a foot or so through—then below that a heavy undergrowth so dense as to be impenetrable to either sight or locomotion. This undergrowth is of many varieties. It puts out big leaves, small leaves; grows on hard stems, watery soft stems; it stands a foot high or forty—generally both."

"Underfoot are ferns. Along the slanting trunks of trees grow other ferns and damp mosses. Streamers of moss depend from limbs and sway in the currents of air. Orchids cling. All small dead twigs are muffled tightly in vivid moss. On the slopes of the canyons and the heads of ravines are little forests of tree ferns, feathery and beautiful. These run to thirty feet in height."

"Everything is dripping wet. Indeed, the strongest single impression that remains to me of that forest is that it was a vanished forest. Every leaf, every branch, every smooth surface, shines polished. Always in the air is a slow, solemn dripping."

Big and Little Postage Stamps.

This country has the honor of having issued the largest stamp ever made—an old five-cent stamp, restricted to the mailing of packages of newspapers and not intended for letter use. This stamp was four inches long by two inches wide, about two-thirds as large as an ordinary banknote.

The quarter shilling stamp of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, which was issued in 1856, is the smallest ever issued—less than a fourth the size of the current penny English stamp—and it would take about fifty of them to cover the surface of the largest issued by the United States.

The Last Straw.

"I never see you and Jim Johnson together any more. You used to be almost inseparable."

"I know, but I got tired of him. He was always giving me advice."

"What of that? You didn't have to take his advice, did you?"

"Of course not, but whenever I didn't take it it always turned out that I would have been better off if I had."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Woods For Carving.

Oak is the most suitable wood for carving, on account of its durability and toughness, without being too hard. Chestnut, American walnut, mahogany and locust are also desirable, while for fine work Italian walnut, lime, sycamore, apple, pear or plum are generally chosen.—Argonaut.

A Fishy Romance.

Mabel—So Jack Miller didn't marry Miss Herring after all? Judith—No. She rejected him. Mabel—How did Jack take it? Judith—Oh, he said there was no good fish in the sea as were ever caught out of it and went after Miss Salmon.

Located.

Lawyer—And you say your neighbor's dogs are vicious and dangerous? Do you mean to say that you live in a state of perturbation? Witness—No, sir; I live in the suburbs.

His Description.

Peck—Of course, like all women, you have an inordinate curiosity. Mrs. Peck—Got a curiosity, have I? I've got a freak.—Roston Transcript.

He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.—Pope.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the signature of

Wm. D. Hoar

LIGHT WAVES.

Some Too Tiny to Be Seen, Yet Science Can Measure Them.

The very smallest thing on earth which has been actually measured is a light wave.

Light waves, of course, are of different lengths. In the spectrum the red waves are longest, orange next, yellow next, and so on to the violet, which are the shortest of the visible waves. So if we were to give the measurement of the very smallest thing we would have to take one of the light waves in the violet end of the spectrum or, better still, one of the waves of the ultraviolet portion which is invisible.

The shortest of these that has been determined is 120 millionths of a millimeter. Changing this to fractions of an inch, we can comprehend the smallness of the wave better. If these waves were placed one on top of the other there would be more than 200,000 of them in a line one inch long. The negative corpuscle which is a constituent part of the atom is known to be smaller than this, but its exact size has not been determined.

That these light waves can be measured is due to the fact that as light waves are refracted it is only a matter of determining the angle of refraction and by triangulation finding the length. —Kansas City Star.

THE ENGLISH PHEASANT.

Originally, From Asia, It Is Still Found In China and Tibet.

Generally speaking, the English pheasant is misnamed; when it came from Asia and is still to be found in India, Tibet and China. The birds were brought to Europe more than 600 years ago, turned loose on hunting preserves and thrived amazingly. They supply the finest bird shooting in Scotland and England, and so much care is taken in raising them that they may almost be regarded as a half domesticated bird.

Under the present system the eggs are hatched by hen-laid incubators. The chicks are carefully fed on insects and prepared foods, and when they are able to shift for themselves they are turned into the woods. While the common pheasant will roost in trees, it is a ground bird. The female will remain under cover until it is almost starved.

Because of this trait the pheasants are raised by men who hunt in the pheasants until the pheasants take flight over shooting boxes, where the hunters are concealed.—Philadelphia North American.

Dodging Mother Meng.

Infant prodigies are not unknown in China, and Chinese jugglers find it easy to account for them. "According to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, persons passing through lives on their way to the wheel of life (which resembles constantly the bodies of babies or animals; just being born) have to cross a bridge. Before mounting the bridge they are stopped by an old hag called Meng, who, laden in hand, compels each soul to drink a mouthful of the watery soup of forgetfulness, for which the popular name is Mother Meng's soup. Those who drink of this forget all that they had passed through or had known in their former life and thus on being reborn into the world are entirely ignorant. Some, however, manage to dodge Mother Meng and enter the world full of knowledge, which they display as soon as they can articulate."

First Stamps of Nippon.

It was in March, 1871, that postage stamps were for the first time issued in Japan, following the system of western countries. The stamps were of four denominations of mon. These stamps, however, disappeared shortly after their issue, to be replaced in 1872 by another series in the denomination of sen. These denominations are still in use today, but at the present time there is a far wider variety, the values being from the quarter of a cent to \$5. The first stamps were extremely crude in appearance, were without gum and were printed by the ancient method of wood engraving. Today electric machines turn out the stamps, as we know them in this country, in enormous quantities.—Japan Society Bulletin.

Animals Under Water.

The ability of a beaver to remain under water for a long time is not really so tough a problem as it looks. When the lake or pond is frozen over a beaver will come to the under surface of the ice and expel his breath so that it will form a wide, flat bubble. The air, coming in contact with the ice and water, is purified, and the beaver breathes it again. This operation he can repeat several times. The otter and muskrat do the same thing.

Reckless.

"Better let that woman send thirty words for a quarter if she likes."

"Why so?"

"It will save the company money. She has already torn up about \$1 worth of blanks trying to tell her message down."—Pittsburgh Post.

Must Keep Them.

"Does he keep his promises?"

"I guess so. I never heard of anybody wanting to take them."—Detroit Free Press.

What He Made.

"How's business, old man? Been making anything lately?"

"Yes; an assignment."—Boston Transcript.

The Ancient Mayas.

It is urged by an archaeologist that the Mayas, who once inhabited America, had a civilization as far advanced as that of any early people except the Greeks. The dwellers in the jungles of Yucatan, Guatemala and Honduras are believed to be their descendants.

He Named It.

"Who can name a word with an 'I' in it?" queried the teacher of the juvenile class.

"Needler!" exclaimed a bright little fellow in the class.

"Needler?" exclaimed a bright little fellow in the class.

THE CRESCENT MOON.

Artists Have a Knack of Getting It Wrong in Pictures.

It is astonishing how many artists spoil what otherwise might be good pictures by erroneously depicting the concave side of the moon turned toward the place of sunset, writes Percy Johnson in Popular Astronomy. The convex or lighted side of her crescent is always presented to that part of the sky in which the sun is situated.

The new moon appears first as a delicate crescent in the evening soon after sunset and sets almost immediately. The following morning it rises soon after the sun. Night after night it appears as a larger crescent farther and farther from the sun, but always with the illuminated side directed toward the latter.

When about seven days old the moon shows half her surface lighted up. She is then in her "first quarter" and is just on the meridian at sunset. The gibbous phase is now entered upon until full moon, when she rises as the sun sets and is on the meridian at midnight.

Now the light begins to disappear on the side opposite the sun and the lighted side is directed toward the east. She rises about midnight when she has reached her "last quarter," and gradually the crescent diminishes, and she is seen only in the light of the dawn. Then she is lost in the sun's rays to emerge again a few days later as a new moon in the west.

BLEACHES AND ACIDS.

They Whiten Fabrics, but Ruin Them in the Long Run.

Experiments carried out by Dr. Faragher at the University of Kansas on various methods of laundering collars prove that alkalis when used in proper proportions do only slight damage to the fabric provided proper rinsing follow their use.

The greatest damage is done by bleaches and acids. Chlorine bleaches injure wool and silk, but hydrochloric acid does no harm. Dr. Herbert M. Shillstone, official chemist of the Textile Landerers' association, is quoted by the Scientific American as telling his clients that "the extensive use of caustic soda in power laundries has been the cause of the slow adoption by the domestic housewife of this class of service."

The object of laundries that could not use soda, but a bleach was to turn out white goods, and they chose caustic soda as the first substitute. "It has taken years for you to awaken to the fact that you have been producing a nice white tablecloth or collar, but that you were also greatly assisting the department store and the men's furnisher in disposing of their stock," said Dr. Shillstone.

Duelling.

It is generally agreed that duelling took its rise from the judicial combats of the Celtic nations. The first formal duel in England was that between William Count of Eborac and Geoffrey Warrington about the year 1090. Duelling was at its height in France about 1300, though it was pretty popular as late as 1838, in which year Francis I. sent a challenge to Charles V. In England duelling was checked in the army in 1702 and gradually disappeared from civil life with the coming of a more enlightened public opinion. Duelling was never as popular in this country as it was in Europe, but nevertheless many famous duels have been fought here. The code may be said to have received its death sentence when Burr killed Hamilton. The decline after that was steady until it practically died out.—New York American.

Costly Costs.

An Indian prince after a court function in London went home for a chat with a friend also an eastern potentate. On arriving he asked to be allowed to take off his dress coat and then that his friend's private secretary might put it in the safe for the night. It was a silk frock coat, but very yellow and heavy with jewels.

"How much may you be worth with your coat on?" the prince was asked.

"About £200,000," was the reply.

"I am a poor man beside you," said his friend sadly. "My dress coat is worth not much more than half that amount."

Wounds.

When we pay an ex-soldier for wounds received on the military field of battle we call it a pension.

When we pay an ex-employee for wounds received on the industrial field of battle we call it damages.

Charles M. Cole,

PHARMACIST,

802 THAMES STREET

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MARK TWAIN'S LAST DAYS.

"Sorry, but I Can't Hurry This Dying Business," He Told a Friend.

Mark Twain's last days, it will be remembered, were spent in Bermuda, at the home of Vice Consul Allen, where he had gone following the death of his daughter Jean's death. The great humorist, suffering from heart attacks which began to recur with increasing frequency, knew that he was a dying man. Yet his whimsical humor never failed him. His biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, writing in St. Nicholas magazine, says that at this time he refused to let his hypodermic injection, which had become necessary to him, as "hypnotic injections."

"As long as I remember anything," writes Mr. Paine in describing the trip from Bermuda, "I shall remember the forty-eight hours of that homeward voyage. He was comfortable at first, and then we ran into the wind, oppressive air of the Gulf stream, and he could not breathe. It seemed to me that the end might come at any moment, but he had no dread, and his sense of humor did not fail. Once, when the ship rolled and his hat fell from the hook and made the croak of the cabin floor, he said, 'The ship is passing the bar.'

"I had been instructed in the use of the hypodermic needle and from time to time gave him the 'hypnotic' injections," he called it. But it did not afford him entire relief. He could remain in any position but a little while. Yet he never complained and thought only of the trouble he might be making. Once he said:

"I am sorry for you, Paine, but I can't help it—I can't hurry this dying business."
 "And a little later:
 "Oh, this is such a mystery, and it takes so long!"

EVOLUTION OF A SENATOR.

His Career Briefly Sketched From Baby Holding to Congress.

Prior to election a future United States senator is weak and lowly. He is inattentive to holding babies or four-aces, as the environment may demand, while campaigning for votes. One may safely slap him on the back without fear of rebuff. Before the last precinct is counted he seems to know his success, for the neonatal candidate stiffens, dons his black clothing and a fresh collar and begins to practice a dignified stride for future use on Pennsylvania avenue. Babies and Jackpots have lost their alluring possibilities; no longer does he tolerate familiarity; he is as patrolling as a rooster who scratches worms for the hens and then eats them before his invited guests arrive.

Seated in a niche of the hall of congress the new senator feels as though he should peer through a microscope to make sure he is there, but confidential letters sent to the editor of the Jumpoff Breeze tell how he is preparing a bill advocating the irrigation of Sagebrush valley; also how he is working to death by other senators asking favors of him. As a school for fiction writers the United States senate has all other correspondence schools lashed to the mast.

Many senators fail to receive just reward at the conclusion of their maiden voyage through the troubled congressional waters probably because the law is so strictly enforced against murder. —Harper's Weekly.

Grand Canyon Rocks.

In the very bottom of the Grand canyon lie the dark, inconspicuous rocks, mostly tough crystalline granite gneiss and schist, the oldest in the canyon and among the oldest in the world. They were in part deposited as sands and muds in a sea, in part accumulated as lava flows and in part intruded beneath the surface as molten rock. All these materials became solidified, and later they were slowly heaved and crumpled up, mountains, which were in time worn down by rain, rivers and perhaps the waves of the sea to a nearly level land surface. This surface finally sank beneath the sea and became the floor on which fresh sediments began to accumulate. Twice at least was this mighty cycle repeated in the Grand canyon region.

A Politic Doubt.

A fond parent was telling Oliver Herford of the really bright remark of her three-year-old daughter. Herford was much impressed.

"How old did you say little Lena is?" he asked.

"Only three," answered the mother proudly.

"Do you know," said the humorist solemnly, "I have a suspicion that sometimes these children lie about their age." —McClure's Magazine.

Wood Pulp Silk.

Artificial silk manufactured from wood pulp for which several kinds of California timber are suitable is used annually in this country to the amount of 7,000,000,000 pounds. It is utilized principally in the manufacture of millinery, sweaters and hosiery.

Dilatory.

She—Here's a woman who got married, deserted her husband and eloped all in one day. He—What delayed her? —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Overstayed His Market.

"What broke? Why, the last time I saw you you told me you were on the road to fortune."

"So I was, but I went past my station." —Boston Transcript.

Kindness in us is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another. —Lafayette.

Miss Ethel M. Keford, who was run over by a trolley car at Canton, Mass., died in the Massachusetts hospital school, where she was a nurse.

Harry Mackrell, 57, night gatekeeper at a crossing of the Boston and Maine railroad in Chelsea, Mass., was killed by a train while on his way to work.

Stevenson as an Engineer.

Robert Louis Stevenson's old friend, the Rev. Archibald Bisset, was minister of Batho for over forty years. Mr. Bisset's intimacy with Stevenson belonged to his early "Edinburgh days," when he was trying to become an author despite paternal opposition, and Mr. Bisset used to tell how the elder Stevenson, having got his reluctant son safely anchored in his office one day, gave him a problem to solve regarding bridge pressure and went off to a meeting. Louis cast his eyes over the task, pulled Lewis' "Life of Goethe" out of his pocket and applied himself to that.

"Well, Louis," said the father on his return, "have you worked out that calculation?"

"No," was the bored reply. "I know that nothing depended on my doing it; I haven't the slightest curiosity as to what the pressure would be; tell me, and I will take it on your authority."

The light-house engineer looked at his son and then remarked slowly, "I think you'd better go home!" —Manchester Guardian.

Nicely Trapped.

The sexton of a certain church the other afternoon had conducted a party round the ancient edifice, and, despite dropping more than one "gentle hint," it appeared as if the sexton was to go unrewarded.

In the porch the leader of the party paused a moment.

"I suppose," he said, "you've been here many years?"

"Forty," replied the old man, "and it's a very strange thing as whenever I'm showing a party out of the porch they allus asks me that question or (with emphasis) the other."

"Indeed?" smiled the visitor. "And what may the other be?"

"What I call question number two," replied the sexton calmly, "is 'Is this—' 'Samwell, is this allowed?' And Samwell allus answers, 'Tis so allowed!'"

The hint was taken, as was the tip. —London Globe.

Fans of France.

At the time that Louis XV. was king of France fan making had reached perhaps its highest point. It has not gone backward since, but surely no fans could be made more exquisite than were those of the days of the glory of Versailles.

Du Barry and Mme. de Pompadour, the two most persistent favorites of Louis XV., were both very fond of fans, and many are the stories told of their extravagance in buying them or at least ordering them, for the king had to pay for them. One that was chosen by Mme. de Pompadour took nine years in the making. It was made of paper cut like fine point lace, and the alikes bore medallions so tiny but without percept that they could only be made out by the aid of a very powerful microscope. —Washington Star.

Primary Colors.

As to what are the primary colors is something on which authorities have disagreed. Sir David Brewster called red, yellow and blue the primary colors, and this view has been commonly held by painters and others, since all the known brilliant hues can be derived from admixture of these three pigments. But if the pure spectral colors are superposed upon a screen the resulting colors are quite different. Thomas Young suggested red, green and violet as the primary colors, but subsequent experiments by J. Clerk Maxwell appear to show that they should be red, green and blue. Sir William Abney, however, says red, green and violet. Any two colors which together produce a white or gray light are complementary colors. —Exchange.

Stumping Him.

"I am now prepared to answer any questions you may care to ask," said the lecturer.

"Any one barred?" asked the man in the audience.

"Certainly not," replied the man on the platform.

"Then, just wait a few minutes, will you, mister. Ill run home and get that four-year-old kid of mine. He's got a few hard ones that I'd like to have you answer for me." —Detroit Free Press.

Keeping Home Happy.

The tramp touched his hat and walked along beside the horseman.

"You wouldn't think it, sir," he said, "but I once had a happy home."

"Then," said the rider, "why didn't you do something to keep it happy?"

"I did, sir," said the tramp; "I left it." —Pitt Mail Gazette.

Willie's Question.

"Pa."

"Yes, Willie."

"Pa, how is it that my hair has grown longer than yours when yours has grown longer than mine?"

The Paternal Idea.

Miss Roxley—I lost my heart last night, pa. I accepted Mr. Poorman.

Mr. Roxley—Huh! You didn't lose your heart. You must have lost your head. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Expert Testimony.

"There is just one of two things about married life."

"Eh?"

"You either get a divorce or you get reconciled to it." —Exchange.

Accurate Information.

"Is woman really the weaker vessel?"

"Only when she is unmanned." —Pittsburgh Press.

All complaint of want of silver, but none of want of sense. —Scotch Proverb.

Lost a Boarder.

"Disease germs are everywhere."

"Well, doctor, I was going to your sanitarium for a month, but in that case I might as well stay at home." —Exchange.

Children Cry
 FOR FLETCHER'S
 CASTORIA

FREAK TREES.

Heavy Snowfalls Often Cause Bent and Twisted Trunks.

To the person who is not versed in forest lore the grotesque bent tree trunks that are to be found in many all woods are mysterious, and wonder is often aroused as to the cause.

Foresters will tell questioners that in the case of trees in mountainous country and other sections where the snowfall is heavy the weight of snow is responsible for most instances for the bent trunks.

When a tree is young the weight of snow that falls on its branches often bends the trunk over until it is flattened to the ground. Sometimes it is buried for 50 or 60 feet of snow and the trunk is bent so long that when the snow comes the tree falls to the ground and is normal position.

The summer sun causes the tip of the young tree to turn upward, and if it manages to withstand the weight of the snow of the next winter that portion of the tree will be a normal way. "Hairy" limbs and other odd shapes result.

A curious tree stands on the top of Tunnel hill, Johnston, Pa., about four miles from town. It is a sugar maple about 100 years old, which has prolonged its own life by grafting a branch into a much younger tree. —Popular Science Monthly.

VAMPIRE BATS OF PERU.

These Bloodsucking Animals Have Bulldog Heads.

On the morning after our arrival at San Miguel bridge (Peru) the pack mules nearly all showed blood blotches on their withers and backs, where they had been attacked during the night by vampire bats which had fed on their blood. This bat, *Desmodus rotundus*, is plentifully distributed throughout Peru in altitudes below 10,000 feet.

It is one of the most highly specialized species of existing bats. The lower jaw is decidedly undershot, and the head, with its short cropped ears and broad muzzle, has a strikingly bulldog appearance. The legs are well developed and rather heavy, enabling the animal to move fairly rapidly on the ground, in which situation it is by no means the shuffling, helpless creature like many other bats. If molested when thrown to the ground it will turn and bite savagely.

The teeth are a highly modified cutting apparatus for making incisions in the skins of mammals and birds.

In habits they are sociable and are commonly found living in caves or tunnels, suspended from the ceiling in clusters of great numbers. —National Geographic Magazine.

The Food of the Cod.

The cod has the reputation of being an omnivorous as the port whose appetite for postures and old times is the subject of frequent jests. The varied nature of what the cod swallows is not more remarkable than the enormous quantity. According to a writer in the Scotsman, such as fishes, silver brooches, clasp knives, books and trunks have been found in its stomach. One fisherman of Aberdeen has a story that weighs more than a pound, taken from a cod that had swallowed it for the sea anemones with which it was covered. The same fisherman has also found specimens of almost all the stalk-eyed crustaceans that frequent the northern coast of Scotland and of every kind of fish that a cod can master, including its own young. Cod have been known to swallow partridges, guillemots and hares.

Alder Dye.

For the purpose of making dyes the common alder appears to have been unnoticed by the pioneers of this country, who made use of so many barks and roots. However, it was well known to the Indians, who used it to good effect. It dyes a reddish color, and down to a few years ago was employed by natives of the northwest Pacific coast in coloring their fish nets. Alder dye, used for the same purpose, is said to be the oldest recorded dye in the world. It is mentioned in the Kalevala of Finland, supposed to date nearly 3,000 years ago.

Good Talker.

"You talk well on the subject in which you are most interested," said the impertinent girl.

"And what is that?" asked the man, scenting a compliment.

"Yourself," said the impertinent girl demurely. —London Answers.

Lots of Turns.

Johnnie—I ain't goin' to school no more. Just because I snickered a little the teacher turned me over to the principal, and the principal turned me over to pa. Mother—Was that all? Johnnie—No, pa just turned me over his knee. —American Boy.

The Eternal Feminine.

"Here I have to go and be bored to death at that horrid Mrs. Jigger's just on account of my husband's perversity."

"Did he tell you you should go?"

"No; he told me I shouldn't." —Baltimore American.

Universal Language.

Blabba—Do you think we shall ever have a universal language? Slobbs—We have now, when money talks. —Philadelphia Record.

Rubbing It In.

Bob—Perhaps we had better forget one another? Hess—Oh, I couldn't do that. I have so few things to laugh about! —Puck.

Very Active.

Bing—He's very active in financial matters, isn't he? Bang—You bet! He owes me \$10, and every time he sees me he dodges me. —Town Topics.

Honorable Industry always travels the same road with enjoyment and duty, and progress is altogether impossible without it. —Samuel Smiles.

How to Find Fault.

It is not difficult to find fault, because there is so much of it lying around. That's where the difficulty comes in. There is no honor or distinction in finding fault that anybody else can find and everybody else has found.

If you want to be a success at fault-finding you must branch out on fresh lines, use new and ingenious methods and find fault that has never been found before. Where is the honor in finding fault with your wife's biscuits, or with the fact that dinner is late, or other such daily occurrences? But only for some budding scientist find a medium of fault with the inextinguishable of the isothermal lines as evidenced by the cross currents of the Martian canals, and he is in a fair way to accumulate unto himself both fame and fortune.

In brief, then, it is with finding fault as with everything else—be not commonplace.—Life.

New York City Garbage Disposal.

The method of garbage disposal in New York city is as follows: Garbage, placed in separate cans by householders, is collected in city vehicles and transported to dumps along the water fronts of Manhattan, the Bronx and Brooklyn, where it is placed under contractors' aegis.

A filled scow is towed to a reduction plant on Barren Island, in Jamaica Bay, where the material is cooked, the grease extracted and the tankage or soiled matter dried. Grease is sold for soap making, etc., and tankage is used as fertilizer. The moisture only is wasted.

The contractor's work begins at the dumps, and for the privilege of receiving the 400,000 tons of garbage per annum the contractor is obliged by agreement to pay the city an average sum of \$37,000 per year for a term of five years. —New York Times.

Three Places to Watch.

Political regeneration must start in a quickening of the civic conscience. Men in larger numbers must begin to take a deepened interest in political policies and programs. The three places which should be kept in the mind's eye evermore are the city hall, the state capitol and Washington city. What the representatives of the people are thinking and saying and doing should be closely scrutinized and scrupulously judged. When our newspapers pass out of the semi-barbaric stage of newspaper development they will devote less space to accident and gossip and crime and lay before the public day by day in ampler fullness the doings of our aldermen, our assemblymen and our congressmen. —Woman's Home Companion.

Superiority of the Past.

We hear from the best authorities that the classics are not studied as they used to be. This does not surprise us, because it has been equally true of every age. For instance, Blaise Pascal, discussing in 1714 "on the virtues of hot water" and other things that came into his mind, said: "In these free thinking times many an empty head is shook at Aristotle and Plato as well as at the Holy Scriptures." "In these days that depth of that old learning is rarely attained." This reminds us of the political debate in a corner grocery where one of the village sages remarked, "Jinsoh is not the man he used to be," and another responded, "No, and he never was." —Independent.

Prose Period.

"Here's a postal card from my husband," remarked Mrs. Dobson. "He's out of town, you know."

"What does he say?" asked Mrs. Delwaine.

"Am well. Home Tuesday. Four words! And when that man was courting me he used to write me poetry by the yard." —Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Double Barreled Scheme.

"Better buy some stock in my proposed copper mine. The operating expenses will be unusually low."

"Why not?"

"I am going to work it in connection with a school of mines and let the students do the digging." —Spokane Review.

Not the Same.

Tess—He said I looked handsome in that gown, didn't he? Jess—Not exactly. He said that gown looked handsome on you. —Exchange.

Foolish Question.

Mrs. Culshaw—Did you see any of the old masters while you were abroad? Mrs. Newrich—Mercy, no! They are all dead. —Exchange.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Sunshine Destroys Germs.

The clothing we wear harbors myriads of disease germs. This is especially true of woolen garments. Cotton and silk do not retain germs so readily as wool and are therefore more suitable for clothing to be worn during exposure to illness. Nurses are obliged to wear cotton garments when in attendance upon the sick. To destroy germs in clothing there is nothing more potent than bright sunlight and air. Hang clothing, blankets, quilts, etc., outdoors where the sun and wind may beat upon them for several hours, and disease germs lurking in their meshes will be destroyed.

Sweet Thing!

Belle—This yellow dress is not becoming to me. Nell—Why, dear, it matches your complexion. —Baltimore American.

Dubious Compliment.

She (at masquerade ball)—Do you think my costume becoming? He—Yes, indeed. But you would be lovely in any disguise. —Boston Transcript.

After an Investigation of the

the convent of the Sacred Heart, New Bedford, Mass., in which Sister St. Seraphin lost her life, it was ascertained that her death started from a defect in the wiring of the basement.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

Animals Used to Test Drugs.

Use is made by chemical manufacturers of various animals, such as chickens, dogs, cats and frogs, to test the efficacy of drugs.

Ergotine, for instance, is tested on chickens in an extremely simple way. Should it fail to turn a chicken's comb black, it is at once known by the experimenter that the drug is worthless.

Dogs are used to test hashish. This is manufactured from female buds of hemp, the male buds having no particular medicinal value. Hashish administered to dogs induces a peculiar pathological condition if the drug is correctly prepared, which is seen in no other animal save man himself.

Digitalis, the heart stimulant, is best tested on frogs. Injecting a drop of the drug into the stomach of the frog, the chemist by means of the kymograph or heart recording machine studies the changes of the frog's heart action, thus obtaining accurate knowledge as to the effect of that particular kind of digitalis. —Exchange.

When Thermometers Differ.

Why does a weather bureau thermometer show lower temperature in hot weather than the thermometer at the corner drug store? asks the Popular Science Monthly. When discrepancies exist they are due chiefly to the fact that the official thermometer is installed in a wooden cage, where it is open to the air, but screened from both direct sunshine and the heat reflected from surrounding buildings, etc. Only under such conditions does a thermometer measure accurately. The temperature of the air. A thermometer in the sunshine becomes much hotter than the air around it, and its reading simply tells us how hot the instrument is, not how hot the air is. In large cities the weather-bureau thermometer is often installed on the roof of a high building, where the temperatures differ somewhat from those prevailing at the street level. The object sought in this arrangement is to obtain a record of the natural temperature of the locality. In general rather than the artificial temperatures of the city.

Right For the First Time.

One winter a masquerade party was given at New York, at which practically all the great musical lights in the country were present. A very few knew who any of the others were, but in some way Josef Hofmann, the famous pianist, knew "one of the disguised men to be a leading musical critic in the city. During the evening the latter, grasping the hand of the pianist, said:

"I don't know who you are, but this hand strikes me very much as the hand of a pianist."

"Quite right," answered Hofmann, "and it is the first time I have ever known you to be right in a musical criticism."

And as no one unmasked during the evening the critic is still wondering who said it.

Ruffed Grouse.

Civilization is abhorrent to the ruffed grouse, king of American game birds. It seeks the depths of the forests where the wild grapes and winter-green berries grow thickly, where columns of jagged evergreens, from prowling wildcats, or foxes, where mighty trees supply roosting places.

There is no prouder bird in appearance than the ruffed grouse, none so majestic in flight. The hunter who fails and then after finding out (page 5) per cent of his may be classed as an expert. When flushed, this grouse springs into the air with a quivering noise; there is a flash of brown swirling itself through the forest; and in an instant the bird is lost sight of. —Boston Journal.

Caste System Among Hagmen.

Japanese ragmen have a caste system going from the lowest class, composed of men with no capital, who go about picking up bits of paper and rags with pointed sticks, to the highest class, in which there are ragmen who are quite well off. There is an intermediate class composed of men who can pay for what they get, the products they deal in depending largely on the amount of money they may have. Among the higher class of ragmen there are divisions of trade, some dealing in women rags, going to cotton and others in different kinds of paper. —Japan Society Bulletin.

The Unaffiliated.

"Trouble has hit me 'bout as hard as he knowed how," says Uncle Gull, "but he hain't never knocked me out—not yet. When I'm down I take as much of the count as is safe for me, but by the blessing of God I'm soon up again, and then it is I give him all that's comin' to him." —Atlanta Constitution.

What Held Them.

"Mrs. Fluhdub and Mrs. Wombat are a couple of haughty dames, yet they seem to get along with each other."

Historical and Genealogical.

3773. SHRIEVE.—In Arnold's Vital Records, I find the m. of Wm. Shrieve to Elizabeth —, Nov. 1728, in Newport. Who was she, and did they have children? I will be grateful for data relating to the ancestors and descendants of the above.—S. S.

8774. NICHOLS.—Who were the parents of Robert Nichols, b. in Newport, R. I., Feb. 28, 1745-67? His mother's name was Elizabeth.—M. S.

8775. LAWTON.—Elizabeth Lawton, m. in Newport, R. I., Benjamin Nichols. Were they the parents of the Robert Nichols mentioned in above query?—M. S.

A part of the plant of the Colonial Can company, a five-story brick structure at Boston, was damaged \$20,000 by fire.

The P. J. Sullivan company, a Boston plumbing and heating firm, filed a petition in bankruptcy. The liabilities are \$63,749.19.

Rear Admiral John P. Merrill, U. S. N., retired, died at New London, Conn., where he went from Washington to visit his daughter.

Ray Pike, 25-year-old son of a prosperous Salisbury, Mass., farmer, committed suicide by jumping in the path of an express train.

Captain Ziba Nickerson, 68, well known in marine circles, died at Chatham, Mass. He began a seafaring life when a boy of 13.

Following the "no-license" vote at Fall River, Mass., liquor dealers from that city are trying to secure options on Newport, R. I., locations.

Between 35,000 and 40,000 employees of the cotton and woolen mills of Rhode Island received wage raises of 10 percent of their present salaries.

Five hundred members of the Boston fire department voted to join the American federation of labor and to organize a labor union among themselves.

William T. Meek, a wealthy 68-year-old Boston bachelor, is named as defendant in a \$50,000 breach of promise suit brought by Sarah Marsden of Boston.

There is talk of taking away the privilege of hunting anywhere on Mt. Desert island, Me. This is more or less the outcome of the establishing of the national park.

Mrs. Lydia D. French died at Boston at the age of 103. She was born in a log house at Seabrooke, N. H., that had originally served for protection against the Indians.

The barn of the Tobias H. Lyster farm, St. Johnsbury, Vt., was burned, together with 170 tons of hay, farm machinery and several hogs. The loss is \$7000.

Bangor, Me., lawyers are interested in the movement inaugurated in Portland by members of the bar there for a higher scale of fees. These will be increased materially.

Sabino unaccused, in jail at Boston awaiting action of the grand jury on a charge of killing his brother-in-law, Camello Repucci, committed suicide by hanging in his cell.

General Charles W. Bartlett, 71, Boston lawyer, statesman, Civil war veteran, and twice Democratic candidate for governor of Massachusetts, died at Newton from pneumonia.

A commission form of government incorporating the idea of a city manager, is favored by Lewiston, Me., Republicans in their early organization plans for the spring campaign.

Dr. Jane E. Bishop of Boston, who figured in the Susan Geary "sult case mystery," eleven years ago, was held in \$1500 bail on a charge of having performed illegal surgery on two women.

Boston's health officials are very much worried as the result of their discovery that a young man was suffering from smallpox. Many persons are believed to have been exposed to the disease.

No. 1192
REPORT
OF THE CONDITION OF THE NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, November 15, 1916.

RESOURCES	DOLLARS
Loans and discounts	280,217.31
Total loans	280,217.31
Overdrafts secured and unsecured	51.25
U. S. deposits	110,000.00
Total U. S. bonds	110,000.00
Total bonds, securities, etc.	82,575.75
Stocks other than Federal Reserve Bank Stock	2,400.00
Stock of Federal Reserve bank (50 percent of subscription)	5,400.00
Value of banking house (100 unincumbered)	10,000.00
Equity in banking house	10,000.00
Net amount due from approved reserve agents	32,200.55
Net amount due from approved reserve agents	32,200.55
In other reserve cities	31,257.42
Exchanges for clearing house	211.16
Notes of other National Banks	1,500.00
Federal reserve notes	15,700.00
Legal reserve in vault and with Federal Reserve Bank	11,711.78
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer	6,500.00
Total	\$518,130.05
Capital stock paid in	\$120,000.00
Surplus fund	50,000.00
Undivided profits	4,753.68
Less current expenses	18,738.12
Interest and taxes paid	4,128.28
Circulating notes outstanding	107,900.00
Dividends unpaid	225.00
Individual deposits subject to check	305,724.71
Certificates of deposits due in less than 90 days	12,205.96
Certified checks	78.71
Cashier's checks outstanding	1,121.12
Total demand deposits, items, and cash	326,234.51
Total	\$518,130.05

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss:
I, Henry C. Stearns, Jr., Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
H. C. STEARNS, JR., Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of November, 1916.
PACKEE BRAMAN,
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
GEORGE W. SHYMAN, JR.,
Notary Public.

Robert Carr, Seal.
Signed sealed and published before us
April 20th, 1681.
Henry Dyre
John Williams
(To be continued.)

NOTES.

CARR. Manuscript book No. 191 in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T. Continued.

COURT RECORD.
Rhode Island. To the honored General Court of Trials to be held at Newport within and for his majesty's Colony of Rhode Island &c. on the last Tuesday of March Anno Domini 1725.

The plea and answer of George Dunbar of Newport aforesaid shopkeeper to the Declaration and complaint of James Honyman Jun. &c. in an action of trespass and ejectment of a Warehouse and Wharfe in Newport laid to the damage of the Plaintiff two thousand pound current money of New England in his Writ thereof dated the fifth day of February in the eleventh year of his Majesty's Reign Annoque Domini 1724.

And the Defendant comes into Court and defends the force and inquiry when— and saith the Writ ought to abate because the pet. hath no addition of plan mystery or degree & because the Plaintiff declares yt. Robert Carr his Grand father was seized of the premises in tail to him and the heirs of his body and afterwards Robert the Plaintiff's uncle was seized therefore in tail to him and the heirs of his body and since his death the Plaintiff ought to be seized in tail to him and the heirs of his body and don't tell positively whether he should have it as heir of ye body of the Grandfather or uncle but the estates described are repugnant and Declaration insufficient and vicious and if these are interrupted ye Defendant pleads that he is not guilty of ye trespass and ejectment aforesaid & of y—
Geo. Dunbar.

WILL OF ROBERT CARR.
The last will and testament of Robt. Carr, Senr. of Newport on Rhode Island being now in my perfect health and memory and being bound a voyage to New York and New Jersey and being aged and not knowing how the Lord may deal with me in my intended voyage and knowing certainly that I must once dye though as uncertain when yet being desirous to set my house in order do make and appoint this to be my last will and testament.

IUPRIMIS. I commit my soul into the arms of Jesus Christ my Redeemer and my body to the dust to be decently buried.

And to my worldly estate I dispose of as followeth Istly I give and bequeath to my loving wife all my house hold stuff and moveables except my sheep at Conanicut and twenty pounds in money to be paid her yearly during natural life by my sons hereafter named.

2dly. I give to my eldest child, Caleb Carr, all my land at Conanicut alias Jamestown, he paying my wife ten pounds a year in money during her natural life and pay John Hix his children by my daughter, twenty pounds.

3dly. I give my son Robert Carr and to the heirs of his body lawfully begotten my dwelling houses and wharfe from the corner post that leads into the well yard upon a straight line to the sea only the privilege of the highway between the house and the well yard to be common up to John Brown's house and the wharfe to be free for my sons and daughters for any goods they shall bring on or off the said wharfe and to have all the land upon the straight line from that post adjoining to the house and Patience except what is given to my son in law, James Brown, and the privilege of the well and a way to it and pay to his mother seven pounds in money yearly during her natural life.

4thly. I give to my son Essek all my land from the corner post of the well yard next the street so to the land I sold to Nicholas Davis, now in possession of Francis Brimley and Caleb Carr, together with the privilege of the highway between the house and the land and a highway down to the wharfe and the privilege of the wharfe only the common and free for my mansion, dwelling house and a highway to it for him and the heirs of his body lawfully begotten to enjoy the same and pay to his mother yearly three pounds in money.

5thly. I give and bequeath to my daughter Margaret all my sheep at Conanicut alias Jamestown and the horse flesh to be sold and the value of them to be returned to her except one yearling colt come of a young mare which I gave to my son Caleb.

6thly. I give & bequeath to my son in law James Brown and to his child he hath by my daughter Elizabeth all that land he hath built upon and fenced in with two rods in length more even with his land as it is fenced in the uppermost piece behind his house next Mr. Brenton's with the privileges of the highway from the Broad street to his house and land.

Lastly. I do nominate and appoint my beloved wife executrix and my two sons Caleb & Robert Carr executors to this my last will and testament and as overseers I desire my brother Caleb Carr & Walter Clarke to be overseers to see my will to all intents & purposes performed.

Robert Carr, Seal.
Signed sealed and published before us
April 20th, 1681.
Henry Dyre
John Williams
(To be continued.)

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